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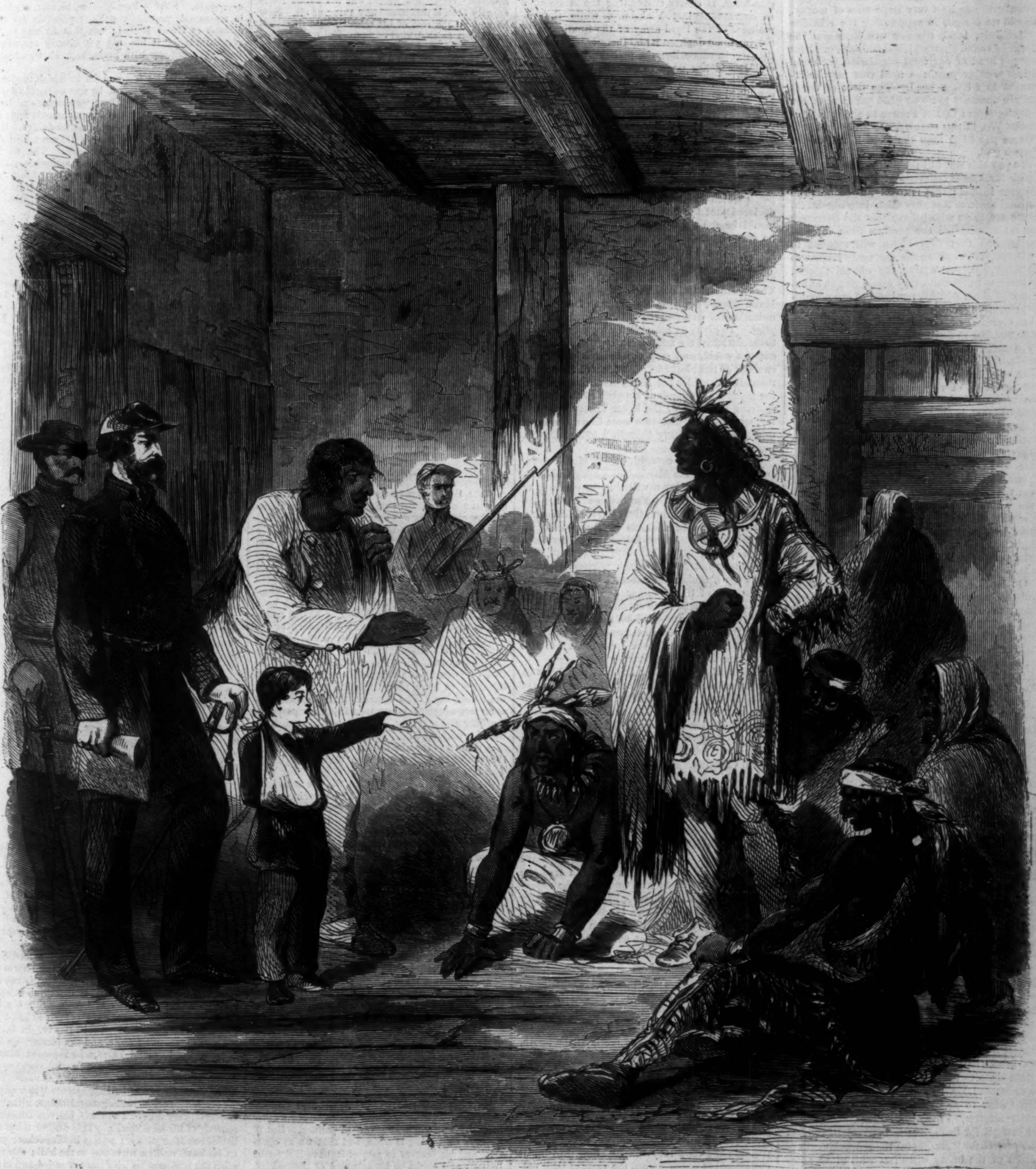


IDENTIFICATION OF INDIAN MURDERERS IN MINNESOTA BY A BOY SURVIVOR OF THE MASSACRE.—[See Page 807.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

THE COST OF THE WAR.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Treasury at length places us in possession of the war bills which we have to pay. During the fiscal year ending on 30th June last, the war cost $437,042,976, or about $1,200,000 a day. During the fiscal year ending on 30th June next, it is estimated that the war will cost $829,537,333, or about 2¼ millions a day. During the fiscal year ending on 30th June, 1864, it is estimated that the war will cost $807,086,401—a trifle less than the cost during the previous year. But as the increased cost of the war during the current fiscal year includes the outfit of a million of armed men and the construction of a fleet of iron-clad vessels—expenses which it is to be hoped will not be repeated—there is reason to believe that the war bill in 1863-4—if the war lasts so long—will fall short of the Secretary's liberal estimate by a very large sum of money. Should we succeed in suppressing the rebellion by 1st July, 1863, the war will have cost the North in round figures $1,300,000,000, or about $60 per head of our total population. Should it last another year, the total cost may be increased to $100 a head. The debt of Great Britain amounts to about $154 per head of the British people: that of France to about $48 per head. We, in this country, are probably better able to pay $100 than the British $50 or the French $30.

To pay this war bill the nation has a revenue which Mr. Chase estimates at $223,000,000 for the year 1863-4; that is to say, as soon as the internal revenue Act goes fairly into operation. There are those who believe that the Secretary has underestimated the receipts from internal duties, and that they alone will amount to $225,000,000, swelling the aggregate income to $300,000,000. Assuming the official figures, however, to be accurate, they would give an annual tax of about $10\frac{50}{100}$ per head of our population—counting out the rebels and the slaves. The revenue of Great Britain ranges from $300,000,000 to $350,000,000, and will probably average $12\frac{25}{100}$ per head of the British people. The revenue of France may be set down at $350,000,000, and thus averages about $10 per head of the population. The revenue of Spain, which has a debt of less than $800,000,000, is about $60,000,000, say $4\frac{25}{100}$ of the population. It thus appears that in proportion to our debt our national revenue is larger than that of any of the other great nations, and consequently our credit and the price of our national securities should stand higher than theirs. It likewise appears that the burdens which will be laid upon our people by this war will be lighter than those which are borne by the people of England, who have no virgin soil and unoccupied land, and whose material prosperity has always been much less than ours.

On 1st December, 1862, the total debt of the United States—exclusive of bills unaudited and troops unpaid—amounted to $636,343,000, of which $222,932,000 consisted of legal tender notes, $79,789,000 of deposits on call, and $87,363,000 of certificates of indebtedness maturing in one year from date. The total amount of funded debt was only $143,750,000. It was Mr. Chase's hope, when he began to issue legal tender notes, that they would soon be funded into his 5.20 bonds. But the very convertibility of these bonds has checked their free circulation, and prevented their being funded. People have hoarded them, knowing that they could fund them at any time; and they have become scarce, just like the convertible treasury notes which were issued in the year 1814. It is evident that whatever amount of these convertible issues be floated people will not be in any hurry to fund them, and though the evils incident to such a policy—in the advance of prices and the disturbance of values—are inevitable, its benefits may never be realized.

The net deficit for the current year 1862-3 is set down in the Treasury Report at $200,000,000: the precise sum is $276,000,000, less $50,000,000 to be derived from bank issues, and $25,000,000 from temporary deposits. To raise this sum two plans are suggested. One, which emanates from Mr. Chase, proposes the sale in open market of $7.30 notes, convertible into long bonds. The other, which is proposed by Mr. Stevens, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, contemplates the issue of $200,000,000 more treasury notes, coupled with the compulsory withdrawal from circulation of all bank-notes in excess of one half of the capital of the bank which issues them. When this issue of $200,000,000 is exhausted Mr. Stevens proposes to authorize Mr. Chase to sell long bonds bearing twenty years' interest, in the open market, at whatever he can get for them. It is not very likely that the project for "driving in" the redundant circulation of the banks will meet with much favor in Congress. Of all interests the bank interest is the most powerful, and it is pretty sure to command a party in Congress strong enough to defeat a measure which is aimed at its very existence. On the other hand, the speculative interest, which is likewise influential, and which has its adherents in Congress, is bent on obtaining further issues of paper at any cost to the nation at large. Between the two, the people at large, who are already suffering from the high prices caused by the issues of irredeemable paper, and whose interest is in favor of a return to legitimate financial methods, may not obtain a fair hearing. Mr. Chase may succeed in carrying his point against the speculators. But he will evidently have a close fight of it.

THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST.

WE have reason to believe that the highest military authorities at Washington are of opinion that within ninety days the valley of the Mississippi and the bulk of the cotton-growing regions of the South will be under the control of the forces of the United States. We know that General Hovey is at Grenada, and Generals Grant and Sherman not far behind him; that General M'Clernand with a very powerful military column, supported by a fleet of iron-clad gun-boats, is slowly descending the Mississippi to operate against Vicksburg, while the remainder of the loyal army of the Southwest is moving upon Jackson; and there is now no further use in concealing the probability that General Banks has gone to Mobile, where Farragut's fleet already awaits his arrival. These combined armies will constitute a force of fully 175,000 men, considerably more than can be opposed to them, and amply sufficient, in the opinion of competent military judges, to take and to hold the entire Mississippi Valley, including Mobile, Jackson, Little Rock, and both shores of the river from New Orleans to Cairo.

General Beauregard, in an intercepted dispatch which has been published in the papers, declared that the loss of the Mississippi Valley would be the ruin of the Confederacy. And he was right. The recovery of that tract of country, in the first place, bisects the Confederacy and cripples it as the ligature of the main artery would cripple an individual. It isolates Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the Atlantic States, deprives the former of arms and munitions of war, and the latter of beef and supplies. It gives us possession of cotton enough to revolutionize the manufacturing trade throughout the world, and stop the mouths of foreign enemies of the blockade. And, more important than all, it enables the Northwest to pour down the great river abundant supplies of food to the starving denizens of the lower Mississippi Valley, who are now kept in a state of unparalleled misery by the military despotism of Jeff Davis's lieutenants.

If our Generals succeed, by 1st March next, in reconquering the Mississippi Valley and holding it, the insurrection will then be confined to parts of Virginia and North Carolina, the uplands of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, and the mountain districts of Tennessee. If Burnside and Rosecrans fulfill the expectations which people entertain respecting them, the rebels may not hold as much territory as this. But even if nothing substantial be achieved by the armies of the Potomac and the Ohio, the rebellion will still have shrunk, on 1st March, into such narrow proportions that it will baffle the ingenuity of even such pro-slavery partisans as Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell to find an excuse for its recognition.

What may be the condition of the slaves in the South on 1st March next no one can yet tell. Events are progressing very rapidly, and facts, incredible a year ago, are now undoubted. General Butler has a reliable brigade of black troops. General Brannan has several regiments of escaped slaves, who have fought valiantly in South Carolina. General Sherman—who commenced his career by offering to maintain slavery in South Carolina—now notifies his officers at Memphis that they must receive all fugitive slaves, feed, and set them to work on wages. General Butler compels the planters in the Lafourche district in Louisiana to pay their slaves regular wages. On New-Year's Day every slave in Secessia becomes entitled to claim that the United States protect him or her in the enjoyment of freedom. Whatever happens, it is pretty clear that the sun of the 1st March next will shine on a very different condition of society in the rebel States from that which existed on 1st March, 1862.

THE LOUNGER.

"WAYWARD" TALKING.

OUR wayward sisters, the rebels at the South, and their bottle-holders at the North, keep up a lively game. Here, for instance, is the wayward sister whose trump card is, "Let 'em go;" he has been kindly patting the Government upon the back, and saying, "There, you poor, miserable thing, you shall try to totter on a little longer, so you shall!" Sister Van Buren says: "So long as the Government goes on in strict conformity to the Constitution and the laws they will be allowed to linger out a sickly existence until the close of their official term; but the moment they overstep the Constitution, the moment they depart from well-ascertained principles of right, they resolve society into its original elements. They give notice to us, who have the physical force, not only that physical force resides with the governed, but that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!" Loud cheers from Captain Rynders and Company.

This is "Conservative" speech-making, as at present practiced in the city of New York. This is the expression of a "sound public sentiment" and "returning reason." The Democratic party, it appears, as represented by Vallandigham, and not by Dickinson, Holt, Andy Johnson, and others somewhat known to fame, is the natural ruler of the country. But it has no national force whatever except as a bob to the tail of Slavery. Consequently, the Slave Interest is the natural supreme power of the land. By some absurd mistake it fell out of its place two years ago, but will not take it again by force unless the present holders of power violate the Constitution. That interest will determine what the Constitution is, and what is a violation of it: and when it happens to think that it is violated it will turn things upside down, and reorganize them by physical force.

Conservatism of the wayward sister school as thus expounded is in its own terms this: The Democratic party, when Fernando Wood tells it that the Constitution is violated, is justified in rising against the Government.

Sister V. B. is so extremely wayward as to be generally thought a jester; but his words mean exactly that, if they mean any thing at all. Now he and all the rest of his school ought to understand that as that kind of "physical force," bluster and general plantation rhetoric, utterly broke down in Congress, and did not captivate the country, even when reinforced by the "physical force" of Brooks's bludgeon, so it breaks down contemptibly in the face of a civil war produced by its spirit. The "physical force" of the New York mob may be at the beck of Sister Wood or Sister Van Buren, or any other of the wayward family; but that of the country at large obeys the command of its Government.

The very core and pith of the war is the settlement of the question whether the Slave masters, with their obedient sisters at the North, *are* the natural supreme power of the country. We are fighting to determine whether our Government shall be administered to protect Slavery or to defend Liberty; whether Slavery may upset the Government by "physical force" to suit its own purpose, or whether it shall take its constitutional chances. All the vapors of all the wayward sisters in the land will not for a single moment confuse the national perception of this point.

Meanwhile let Sister V. B. continue in his own wayward manner to shake his valiant fist at the Government, and call upon the "physical force" to spurn and resist the blind and reckless despotism of the bloated old tyrant who dares to defile the house consecrated by the exalted memories of Buchanan. It is a pity, but the "physical force" does not hear. It is engaged in finishing another despot whose destruction will release a clever but wayward sister like Mr. Van Buren from the political necessity of talking such melancholy stuff as his recent speeches.

POLITICAL PREACHING.

WILL the Lounger, asks a friend, give us a short sermon upon Political Preaching? It seems that a worthy clergyman was urged to make some recognition of the fact that the country was rent with a fearful war for the most atrocious of objects, and he declined upon the ground that he would have no political preaching in his pulpit. There are a good many shallow-pates who, without the clergyman's real worth, will think that he made an exceedingly clever reply. Why, they ask, can't we have religion preached in church? The basest newspapers and the most dishonest politicians in the land clamor incessantly to have, as the eminent conservative Vallandigham says, Christ and not the nigger preached. The zeal of people who hold that Christianity is a vast religious justification of injustice, to have pure Christianity preached, is most edifying. The interest that Rynders and other conservative saints take in a pure gospel is touching and amazing. Let us see then what political preaching is.

A sermon is the application of the divine law to the condition and wants of a particular parish. The law is general; the object of preaching is to make it special. For instance, the law is to love our neighbor as ourselves. The preacher takes that text to apply to us, his congregation. How can he do it but by showing us who our neighbor is, what it is to love him, and how we can prove our love? To reiterate the text indefinitely is not to preach. To say that of course we ought to love our brethren, and that if we don't love them we are very naughty, and the bad place will get us in the end, is not preaching. But to say that as God made all men of one blood, and as Christ loved all equally, therefore every man of every country and race and condition is our brother, and is to be treated as we would be treated, that is evidently preaching. Or to repeat the law of love, and then to insist that love requires us to seize the weaker brother and shut him up and lash him freely and wear him out in seven years by making sugar, that also is preaching, for that is a practical application of the divine law.

But what is there political in all this? Because, in the first case, we have supposed a preacher advocates equal justice as the proof of neighborly love, and it happens that a political party is trying to do injustice by law, is it a political sermon? If a minister urged that the tariff on foreign books ought to be nine instead of ten per cent. upon their value, there would be some sense in complaining that he preached politics. But if he says that lying is a sin, and that we as a nation, and his hearers as part of it, have lied to the Indians and ought to be ashamed of themselves, and, if they don't repent and mend their ways, will be punished, he is doing exactly what he was ordained to do.

The friend who requested this sermon probably knows that the talk about political preaching proceeds from people whose party discipline requires the support of slavery, and who therefore insist that because politics have touched the subject it has ceased to be a moral question. Do they object to hear preaching against swearing, or lying, or thieving, or profaning the Sabbath day by reading novels? Oh no; that is legitimate preaching. But if old Rum Puncheon hears a clergyman denounce drunkenness and the makers of drunkards he rises, and thumps down the aisle, and bangs out at the door, and wishes that the parson wouldn't preach those d—d political sermons.

It is remarked that horses always spring if you touch them on the raw.

GENERAL BUTLER.

AMONG the men who have deserved well of the country during the last two years no one is more eminent than General Butler. One of the first citizens to march at the call of the Government, he was not rebuffed by delays, but carried his regiment to the nearest practicable point to Washington. While other generals and conflicting councils higgled and delayed about investing Baltimore, or reducing Baltimore, or parleying with Baltimore, General Butler quietly moved with two regiments and took Baltimore, so that we have held it fast ever since. Sent to Fort Monroe, he was, as chief in command, popularly held responsible for the disaster of Great Bethel; but that he was truly accountable for it has not yet clearly appeared. Later, in company with Stringham, he was heard of at Hatteras.

There followed a few months in which, under a kind of roving commission, he was engaged in collecting a great force. There were long and loud debates. The Governor of Massachusetts and the General differed. There were infinite delays. But at last his expedition sailed. It did not take with it unquestioning public confidence. The public was anxious to hear rather than sanguine. But when it did hear it heard the most striking and splendid news of the war—the capture of New Orleans by Farragut and Porter, and its occupation in concert by Butler.

From that moment he has held New Orleans like a nut in his hand. He has played no foolish and wicked game of olive branches and swords. He knew that he had his foot in the den of the most malignant enemies. There might be friends also; but his duty was by saving himself to save them. And he has ruled the city with a rod of iron. Any staff less stern would have snapped in his hand, and struck back fatally upon the country. He has been hated and abused by the enemy with a ferocity that showed how firm and faithful his hold upon them was. England and Europe have shrieked at his "inhumanity"—as old women squall when a policeman seizes a thief. He found an ordinance of the city which sent to the calaboose all loose women actively soliciting upon the street, and he put it in force against all women who could not contain their angry passions sufficiently to forbear from insulting and reviling loyal soldiers. Every other measure of his administration has shown the same comprehension, sagacity, and resolution. Neither consuls, nor foreigners, nor bankers, nor rich semi-traitors who wished to be "neutral," have for a moment confused his perception or delayed his action. His hand and his head have worked together promptly, vigorously, incisively. If every General who is equally loyal had been equally perceptive, rapid, and resolute, there would have been fewer dismal passages in our history. Had his system and spirit in managing New Orleans been those of the nation in dealing with the rebellion, its military importance would already have disappeared.

Theodore Winthrop was General Butler's aid and Military Secretary at Fort Monroe at the time he fell. Just before leaving upon the sad expedition to Great Bethel, he had been writing a paper upon the life there. In that he says: "When I arrived Fort Monroe and the neighborhood were occupied by two armies. 1st, General Butler's; 2d, About six thousand men here and at Newport News—making together more than twelve thousand men. Of the first army, consisting of the General, I will not speak. Let his past supreme services speak for him, as I doubt not the Future will."

The Future has spoken.

POPULAR AMUSEMENT.

How long the system of courses of miscellaneous Lyceum lectures would continue without change has always been a speculation among those who are interested in it. The number of additions to the corps of lecturers in the country is so slight, being usually made up of the last successful author, who is taken upon trial to determine if he sounds as well as he reads, that it was evident how strong was the tap-root of the system which fed upon much the same nourishment from year to year.

There are lately symptoms of some modification. The tendency is to combine the charm of dramatic with literary attraction, which is not essentially a new thing, but is newly developed here. Charles Matthews and Albert Smith were the extreme representatives of this style in London; and Edmond Yates and Harold Power, the latter the son of Tyrone Power, and the former, we believe, of the Edmund Yates who incensed Thackeray, are following Albert Smith with sketches of life in Australia. Mr. Glaisher, also, the aeronaut, is telling his story of balloon ascents "in a popular form." To the same general range, although of course, very different in itself, belongs Dickens's reading of his own works. This author takes his little book after dinner; puts it in his pocket; puts on his hat; walks a little way to the hall; emerges upon the platform before a most crowded and brilliant audience; reads to their rapturous delight for a couple of hours; rises and makes his bow; as he passes out is handed a little sum of seven or eight hundred, or a thousand dollars; walks home, takes off his hat; puts on his slippers, and sits before his fire, his duty for that day and that evening happily accomplished.

In this country the earnestness of our feeling about the war does not affect this kind of entertainment. The lecture must be more than a lecture. The most popular of all our lecturers is Mr. Gough, whose discourses are dramatic monologues, but with the advantage of a special moral, which always pleases the American mind. The dramatic readings of Mr. Vandenhoff and of several ladies are received in lecture courses with the utmost favor; while Mr. De Cordova has established a series of winter evening entertainments which are really humorous lectures: "Mrs. Smith's Surprise Party," or "A Summer's Day at Long Branch," and with such success that his increasing audience has driven him from Clinton Hall to Niblo's Saloon.

In all these successes, however, two exceptional gifts are essential, dramatic power and popular humor. It seems easy enough for an author to read his own books aloud; but not to say that Mrs. Browning declares that true poets never read "their own verses to their worth," it is very clear that it is not the mere fact of Dickens the author reading Dickens the work which continues to attract and delight, but Dickens with incomparable dramatic power, giving body and color and wonderfully enhanced raciness to the printed outlines of his imaginative and humorous creations. Thackeray's stories read by Thackeray, unless from the manuscript, would be hardly better than our own private reading. Bulwer's would probably be a great deal worse: for to hear an ancient coxcomb sighing out slipslop sentimentality could not be very edifying.

Therefore all the writers of stories must not at once suppose that by putting on their hats and crossing the street with the little book under their arms they would necessarily find either the brilliant crowd in the hall or the pile of dollars at the door. It would be a good rule to remember, that when they can write like Dickens they can read like him. But every man who has the necessary gifts of dramatic humor and literary skill may be very sure that success awaits the proper application of his powers. The Lyceum is only another of the many avenues which are opened to ability of every kind. Like the Church, it is Catholic. It embraces cardinals in gold and beggars in rags. It welcomes actors and orators and readers, and why not singers? Why should not the Lyceum in every minor town (if there are any such in the country) make itself the *alma mater* of every thing that is excellent in this way?

A DEMOCRATIC COLONEL SPEAKING TO THE QUESTION.

The Union Meeting in New Orleans is one of the most interesting events of the last few weeks, because, although it may be said that it is not difficult for a General to hold a meeting of any kind under the guns of his army, yet the remarks of the speakers have a peculiar significance coming from men who stand in a hostile region and with their lives in their hands. The orators in New Orleans were not in the least mealy-mouthed. They did not complain of the suppression of free speech because a man is not permitted to say that the war was caused by those upon whom war was made, and that the makers were in the right. They did not demand that every privilege shall be allowed in war which is a matter of course in peace. They did not say that they were willing to see the country ruined, and the government destroyed, and the hope of equal and progressive civil liberty smothered if the wayward sisters wanted it. On the contrary, the speakers were also soldiers who were there for the express purpose of preventing the wayward sisters from doing what they chose, and compelling them to submit to law.

What they did not say is the staple of all speeches at secession meetings in the North. But the secession orators at the North are not soldiers, except on condition that they may go as major-generals and leave when they wish—they are merely politicians struggling to revive a party by embarrassing the Government and helping rebellion. And as slavery is the strength of the insurrection, they are forever bawling that black men are inferior to white men—that the war is a conspiracy to bring black men to the North to take the bread out of white men's mouths; and they echo it, and re-echo it, for the purpose of securing slavery intact. "Would you like to marry your daughter to a negro?" demand these noble fellows. "Probably not," is doubtless the reply of the perceptive audience—"nor to you; nor to any mean, drunken, ignorant, degraded man of any nation or of any color. There is a choice in husbands."

But while this is the lofty and patriotic discourse of disunion orators here, the strain of Union orators in Dixie, who belonged lately to the same party organization, is significantly different. Colonel Deming, for instance, was late Democratic Mayor of Hartford in Connecticut. He is now the chief of a volunteer regiment from that State. He is noted as an orator, and he spoke at the New Orleans Union Meeting. Let us in the intervals of hearing the question whether we think black people as good as we are, and whether we are anxious for black sons-in-law, listen to what the Colonel is saying, in that brilliant house, to that enthusiastic crowd, and in the presence of General Butler, "Breckinridge democrat" of two years ago.

"The rebellion has not secured an augmented domain or everlasting prosperity to the institution of Slavery. On the contrary, as the only security for the existence of such a monstrous anomaly to the civilization of the age was in the compromises of the Constitution, so the only way in which the monster could be seriously imperiled was by their overthrow. *There is scarcely a prominent man in the New England division here but has spent the vigor of his manhood and sacrificed all his hopes of political advancement by vindicating the constitutional rights of the South upon this very Slavery question; but when you withdrew the thing we hated morally but defended politically, from beneath the wings of Constitutional compromise, and immediately placed it outside the Constitution, it absolved me and every other Northern Democrat from being any longer its apologist or defender.*"

Here are manliness, frankness, and common sense. And while the Administration may count upon such Democrats as Deming, Andy Johnson, Butler, and Holt, it will hardly be troubled by such as Vallandigham, Schnabel, and Saulsbury.

RETALIATION.

In a letter to a hesitating friend last week we spoke of the execution of the ten rebels by M‘Neil as if it were a justifiable severity. But the illustration was not well chosen, for the whole affair was between banditti. There are two bands, apparently like the Skinners and Cowboys in the Revolution, who are really lawless marauders in Missouri, and M‘Neil is not a military officer of the United States. The rebel Porter, who is the head of the opposing band, but whether with a formal commission from the rebel chiefs at Richmond does not appear. Porter was believed to have caused the disappearance of Allsman, a Union man. Some of his banditti, who were concerned in the affair, fell into M‘Neil's hands. He demanded Allsman of Porter, under the threat that if he were not presently given up ten of Porter's band should be shot. The man was not surrendered, and M‘Neil kept his word.

For this proceeding Davis orders that the first ten officers who fall into the hands of the rebel commander in that region shall be put to death. It is a retaliation upon the Government for an unauthorized act of an irresponsible partisan leader. Should it be effected it will not make an easier reckoning for the rebels. That it will be effected, we have no right to doubt; for the rebels are certainly in earnest, and are not afraid of making war inhumanly.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Sure to Harrow up the Sole.—Peg-ends inside one's boots.

To be called a fool is bad enough; but a stutterer makes the thing worse by calling you a foo-foo-fool.

Every rose has its thorn. We never helped to shawl the Rose of a ball-room without being convinced, by painful evidence, that she had a pin about her.

The poet whose soul was "wrapped in gloom" had the wrapper taken off lately. He is doing as well as could be expected.

A man has got so deep in debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

What is the best kind of shooting in winter?—To have coals shot into your cellar.

A remarkable case of conscience was lately developed in a proceeding before a French court. A man was before the court on a charge of stealing some candles, and the prosecutor was examining witnesses who had bought from him. One of them said, "Though he suspected the candles had been stolen, he bought a sou's worth, but that, in order not to encourage robbery, he had paid for them with a bad sou."

Nearly every evil has its compensation. If a man has but one foot he never treads on his own toes.

The world doesn't know a fool's infirmities half so well as a wise man knows his own.

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's pocket handkerchief."

Ground Rents.—The chasms left by an earthquake.

When prosperity was well mounted she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

It is a paradox that loose habits generally stick tighter to a man than any other kind.

A patient is undoubtedly in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor isn't.

It is easy to say grace, but not half so easy to possess it.

A crying Evil.—The Sunday news-boy.

Why is a field of grass like a person older than yourself?—Because it is *past-ur-age*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Wednesday, December 3, in the Senate, the standing committee were appointed. An inquiry was ordered into the expediency of indemnifying citizens of Minnesota for losses by the Indian outbreak. On motion of Senator Sumner, a call was made on the Secretary of War for information relative to the seizure and sale of free blacks by the rebels, and what steps have been taken in the matter. Senator Hale gave notice of a bill repealing the act passed in July last, establishing and equalizing the grades of naval officers. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, a motion was adopted directing a pretty thorough overhauling of the accounts of the Agricultural Department.

On Thursday, th, in the Senate, Senator Clark offered a joint resolution, which was laid over, approving of the policy of the President's emancipation proclamation. A bill repealing the act establishing and equalizing the grade of naval officers was introduced and appropriately referred.——In the House, Mr. Stevens offered resolutions declaring that the Union must be and remain one and indivisible forever, and denouncing as guilty of high crime any executive or legislative department that shall propose or advise any acceptance of peace on any other basis than the integrity and entire unity of the United States as they existed at the time the rebellion commenced. The 16th was, on motion of Mr. Stevens, assigned for the consideration of this subject. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, offered a resolution directing inquiry respecting the Military Governor of the District of Columbia—under what law he derives his power, his compensation, the expenses of his office, and whether he has obstructed the civil tribunals in the administration of justice. A motion to lay the subject on the table was adopted by a vote of eighty-five against forty-six. A resolution abolishing the West Point Military Academy and aiding in the establishment of military schools in the States was rejected by a decisive vote.

On Friday, 5th, in the Senate, the House bill requiring payments in gold and silver for all judgments recovered by the United States was referred to the Finance Committee. The resolution calling for all documents relating to the operations of the Army of the Potomac and the surrender of Harper's Ferry was adopted. Senator Powell's resolution respecting the illegal arrest of citizens of Kentucky was adopted. A bill repealing the provision of law limiting the number of major-generals was reported and referred, as was also a bill concerning appointments in the navy. A resolution calling on the President for all the information in his possession touching the Indian outbreak in Minnesota was agreed to. An executive session was held, and afterward the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Stevens introduced a bill indemnifying and protecting the President and other public officers from arrest, imprisonment, and other consequences growing out of the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus. Owing to a slight informality Mr. Stevens withdrew the bill for the present. Mr. Morrill offered a resolution declaring "that at no time since the existence of the rebellion have the forces and material in the hands of the Executive of the Government been so ample to and abundant for the speedy termination of the war as at the present moment; and that it is the duty of all loyal American citizens, regardless of minor differences of opinion, and especially is it the duty of every officer and soldier, and of those in every branch of the Government, including the legislative, cordially to strike the assassins at once who have conspired to destroy our existence, prosperity, and freedom, of which we are justly proud at home and abroad, and which we stand pledged to perpetuate forever." This was adopted, but one member voting in the negative. An inquiry into the causes of the Indian outbreak in the Northwest was ordered, and a call was made for all correspondence on the present condition of Mexican affairs. Mr. Allen, of Illinois, asked, but failed to obtain leave, to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the alleged right of the Federal Government to set at defiance the Constitution, laws, and sentiments of the people of Illinois, in importing negroes into that State, and to consider what action is necessary to bring about the deportation of said negroes. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, 8th, in the Senate, the Bankrupt bill was taken up and made the special order for Thursday, the 18th inst. The House bill requiring payment in gold and silver for satisfaction of judgments in certain suits brought by the United States was passed. A bill providing for the development of the mineral resources of the public domain was introduced by Senator Latham, and referred. Resolutions calling on the Secretary of War for the number of Major and Brigadier Generals in the service, and where and how they are employed, also the number and rank of aids-de-camp, were adopted. Senator Saulsbury called up the resolution relating to arrests in Delaware, but objection was made to its consideration, and after some conversation the subject was dropped. Senator Davis introduced a joint resolution proposing amendments to the Constitution in reference to the mode of electing the President and Vice-President.——In the House, the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means introduced a new financial plan for the Government. It provides for the redemption and cancelation of the 5.20 and 7.30 bonds, the redemption of the temporary deposits, and an issue of $1,000,000,000 bonds and $500,000,000 legal tender notes. It also assesses a heavy tax on bank circulation. The Bankrupt bill was made the special order for the 18th inst. The Standing Committees were announced. Mr. Stevens introduced a bill to indemnify the President and other persons for suspending the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* and for all acts done in pursuance thereof, and after some manœuvring the previous question was ordered, and the bill passed by a vote of 90 against 45. Mr. Van Wyck introduced a bill to provide for the immediate payment of clothing lost in service by soldiers of the United States army; also a bill increasing the pay of privates, non-commissioned officers, and musicians. Both bills were referred to the Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Wickliffe introduced a bill for the protection and relief of persons in loyal States whose property has been seized or stolen by United States officers. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. On motion of Mr. M‘Knight the Committee of Ways and Means was instructed to inquire into the expediency of modifying the Tax law so as to dispense with the tax on advertisements.

On Tuesday, 9th, in the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, in answer to a resolution calling for information in relation to the alleged sale of free negroes captured by the rebels, in which he states that the War Department has no information in regard to the subject in its possession. The resolutions calling for information relative to the arbitrary arrest of citizens of Delaware were taken up and discussed at considerable length; but the Senate adjourned without taking final action on the subject.——In the House, the morning hour was devoted to the consideration of the Senate bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union as a State. The special order, a bill authorizing collectors and assessors of taxes to administer oaths, was taken up and passed. The debate on the question of the admission of Western Virginia into the Union was then resumed, and continued until the adjournment.

WINCHESTER REOCCUPIED.

General Geary marched upon Winchester on the 3d inst. and demanded its surrender, which was complied with, the people exhibiting many signs of joy at his arrival. His command consisted of 3300 chosen infantry from all the regiments in his division, two sections of artillery from Knapp's battery, two from M‘Gilery's battery, and two from Hampton's battery, making altogether twelve guns, and fifty cavalry of the First Maryland.

GENERAL GRANT AT ABBEVILLE.

General Grant telegraphs from Abbeville, Mississippi, to General Halleck that his troops are in possession of that place. The rebels abandoned their fortifications there on the 2d inst., destroying all the stores they could not carry. The streams were so high that only a portion of our cavalry could cross by swimming; but the enemy was pursued to Oxford, where, after a skirmish of two hours, sixty of their number were captured. General Grant says that the roads are too bad to get supplies for a long chase.

THE PURSUIT.

Dispatches from Cairo state that the main body of the rebel army passed through Oxford, Mississippi, forty thousand strong, going South, on 3d, under command of General Jackson (of the West). His rear-guard had a skirmish next morning with a portion of the Union forces near Oxford, the result of which is not stated. Another dispatch from Chicago says that intelligence was received from Oxford, dated the 7th, to the effect that a two hours' fight had taken place on 5th, near Coffeeville, between the Union cavalry under Colonel Dickey, and a rebel force of five thousand infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Our troops lost five killed, fifty wounded, and sixty missing. The rebels, it is said, lost three hundred killed and wounded.

GENERAL HOVEY AT HELENA.

General Hovey's expedition, twenty thousand strong, which left Helena, Arkansas, some days ago, landed at Friar's Point, fifteen or twenty miles below, marched to Grenada, Mississippi, and took possession of that place on 1st. A large number of the citizens fled on the approach of our troops. The proprietor of the *Appeal* had to make another skedaddle. He has now fled to Marietta, Georgia, with his paper.

DISASTER IN TENNESSEE.

At Hartsville, Tennessee, on December 6, the rebel guerrilla Morgan made an attack upon the brigade commanded by General Moore at that place, which consisted of the 104th Illinois, Colonel Moore commanding brigade; 106th Ohio, Colonel Lafel; 108th Ohio, Colonel Limberg; Nicklen's battery, and a small detachment of the 2d Indiana cavalry. After fighting an hour and a quarter our forces surrendered, and the enemy burned our camp, capturing nearly all the brigade, train, and teams, and burning what they could not carry away. Two guns of Nicklen's battery were also captured. Our loss was between 50 and 60 killed and wounded, who were left on the field. The rebel loss is not reported. Morgan's force consisted of three regiments of cavalry and two of infantry. It was said that Morgan made another attack upon General Fry's position at Gallatin the same afternoon, but met with a serious repulse. General Fry was speedily reinforced, and pursued the enemy. It would appear that in the attack at Hartsville some of our troops behaved badly, while others fought gallantly to the last.

DESPERATE BATTLE IN ARKANSAS.

A desperate fight and a brilliant victory for the Union forces occurred in Arkansas on 7th. While General Herron, with a force of about seven thousand men was hastening to reinforce General Blunt, at Cane Hill, the enemy, twenty-four thousand strong, in four divisions, under Generals Parsons, Marmaduke, Frost, and Rains, all commanded by General Hindman, having flanked General Blunt's position, made a desperate attack on General Herron, at Crawford's Prairie, to prevent his junction with Blunt. Herron fought them gallantly with his Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Indiana troops, from ten o'clock in the morning until dark, keeping them at bay and driving them from two strong positions with his artillery during the day. The 20th Wisconsin captured a rebel battery; but were forced, by the fire of the enemy, to abandon it. The 19th Iowa took the same battery, but were also obliged to surrender it. Affairs were going hard with our troops. At four o'clock in the afternoon, however, General Blunt arrived in the enemy's rear, with five thousand men, and fell upon them. The fight then became one of desperation. Though superior in numbers, and maintaining their ground throughout the day, the rebels, now between two hostile forces, made fierce efforts to capture the batteries which General Blunt brought to bear upon them, but without success. They could not extricate themselves from the difficulty, and were repulsed with great slaughter. At nine o'clock, when darkness fell upon the scene of battle, they were flying over the Boston mountains in confusion, and our victorious army held the whole field. Our loss was six hundred killed and wounded. The rebels admit the loss of fifteen hundred, including several field officers.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The following are the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury;

Year ending June 30, 1862.

RECEIPTS.		
From Balance in Treasury		$2,257,065 50
From Customs, Lands, and Miscellaneous Sources		50,140,389 03
From Direct Tax		1,795,331 73
From Loans. (The entire amount of Loans of all kinds was $529,692,460 50; from this should be deducted $96,096-922 09, devoted to the repayment of temporary loans, and the redemption of Treasury Notes, etc.) This sum properly forming no part of Receipts or Expenditures, the total Receipts from Loans were		433,595,538 71
Total Receipts		$487,788,324 97
EXPENDITURES.		
For Civil List, etc.	$21,408,491 16	
For Pensions and Indians	3,102,985 50	
For Interest on Public Debt	13,190,324 45	
For War Department	394,368,407 36	
For Navy Department	42,674,569 69	
Total Expenditures		$474,744,778 16
Leaving Balance in Treasury July 1, 1862		$13,043,546 81

Year ending June 30, 1863, the Receipts for the last Three Quarters being Estimated.

RECEIPTS.		
From Balance in Treasury		$13,043,546 81
From Customs, Lands, etc.		70,374,777 07
From Direct Tax		11,621,717 99
From Internal Duties		85,456,303 73
Total Receipts		$180,495,345 60
EXPENDITURES.		
For Civil List, etc.	$32,811,543 23	
For Interior Department	5,982,906 43	
For War Department	747,359,823 98	
For Navy Department	82,177,510 77	
For Interest on Public Debt	25,014,532 07	
Total, besides Public Debt	$893,346,321 48	
Deduct sum estimated to be undrawn	200,000,000 00	
Total expense for Government and the War	$693,346,321 48	
Add payments of Public Debt which will become due	95,212,456 14	
Total Expenditures for the year.		$788,558,777 62
Excess of Expenditures over direct Income		$608,063,432 02
From Loans have been received up to Nov. 30, and applied to the expenses of the Year.	$200,129,717 01	
The estimated additional Receipts from sources under existing laws are	131,021,197 35	
Total estimated Receipts from all sources		$331,150,914 36
Showing a total Deficiency of		$276,912,517 66

Year Ending June 30, 1864 (Estimated).

RECEIPTS.	
From Customs	$70,000,000 00
From Lands	25,000 00
From Miscellaneous Sources	3,000,000 00
From Internal Duties	150,000,000 00
Aggregate	$223,025,000 00
EXPENDITURES.	
Balance of former appropriations estimated to be unexpended July 1, 1863	$200,000,000 00
For Civil Service, etc.	25,091,510 08
For Interior Department	10,346,577 01
For the War Department	738,829,146 80
For the Navy Department	68,257,255 01
For Interest on Public Debt	33,513,890 50
Principal on Public Debt	19,384,804 16
Total	$1,095,413,183 56
Of this amount of $1,095,413,183 56 it is estimated that there will remain undrawn on the 30th of June, 1864, the sum of	250,000,000 00
Aggregate for the year	$845,413,183 56
The estimated Receipts, as before stated, for that year are placed at	223,025,000 00
Leaving to be provided for by Loans the sum of	$622,388,183 56

Mr. Chase recommends that the deficiency for the current year be raised by loans, and that no more legal tender notes be issued.

A COTTON CURRENCY.

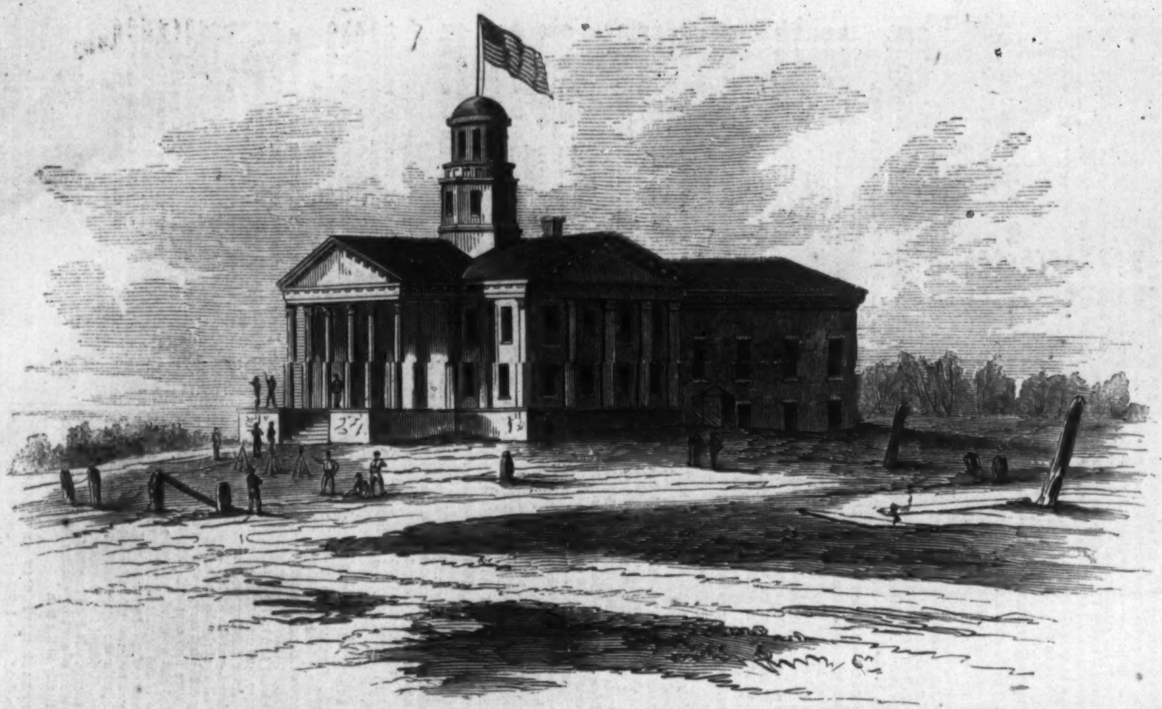
General W. T. Sherman, who is the military commander at Memphis, recommends that, instead of shinplasters—which the Common Council of that city proposes to issue—five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cent packages of raw cotton be done up and passed as currency—the cotton to be of the standard value of half a dollar a pound.

NORFOLK TO ELECT A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

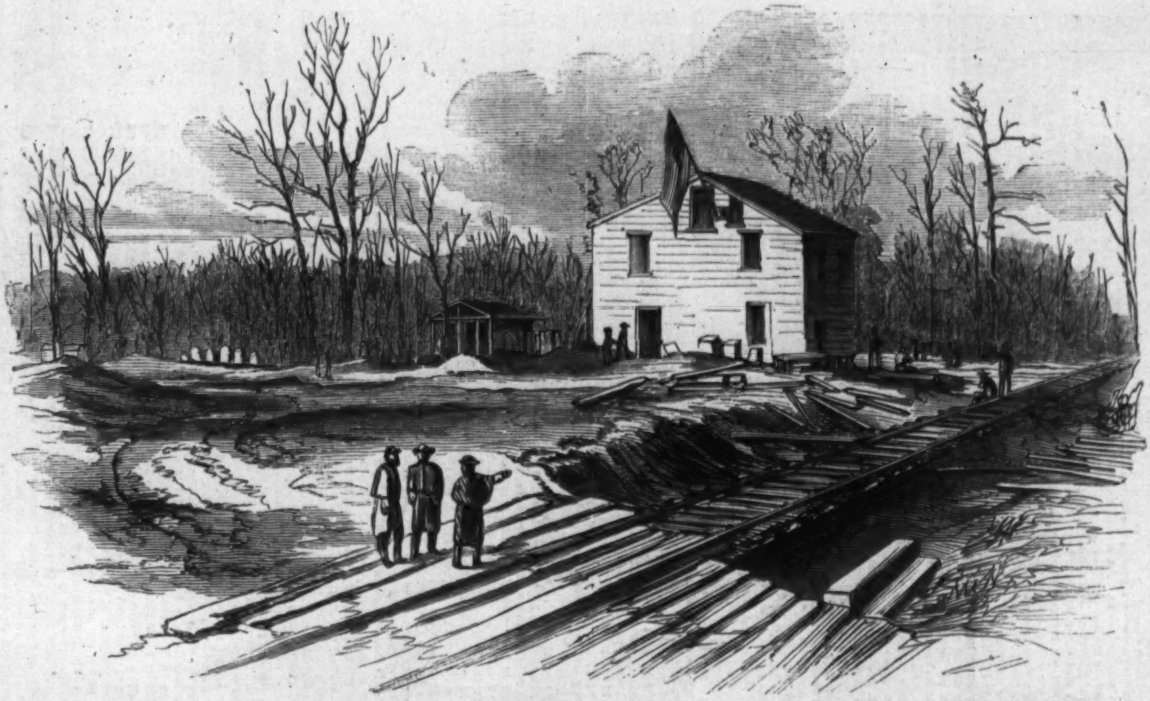
From Fortress Monroe we learn that General Viele has issued a proclamation as Military Governor of Norfolk and a writ of election for another member of Congress from Southeastern Virginia, comprising in the district the city of Norfolk, together with the counties of Princess Anne, Nansemond, Isle of Wight, and the city of Portsmouth. It is supposed that the people will eagerly accede to the proclamation, and elect a member, for the sake of preserving their slave property from the effects of the emancipation proclamation of the President, as the Hon. Mr. Segar, who was previously elected for another district, is believed to have secured his constituents from the operations of that proclamation.

ARREST OF A UNITED STATES MARSHAL.

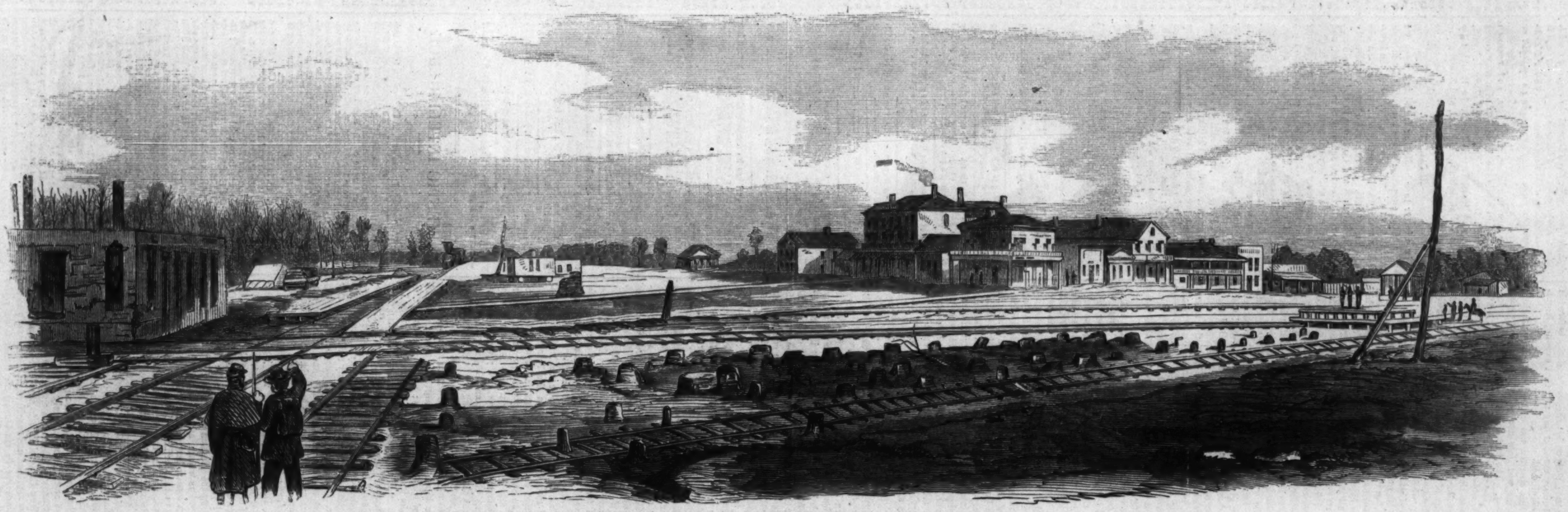
The Grand Jury of Hunterdon county, New Jersey, have indicted a Deputy United States Marshal and other parties, for the arrest, without process of law, of Messrs. Wright & Kugler on a charge of interfering with enlistments. The Marshal has accordingly been arrested. It is said that the United States District Attorney authorized the arrests of these gentlemen.



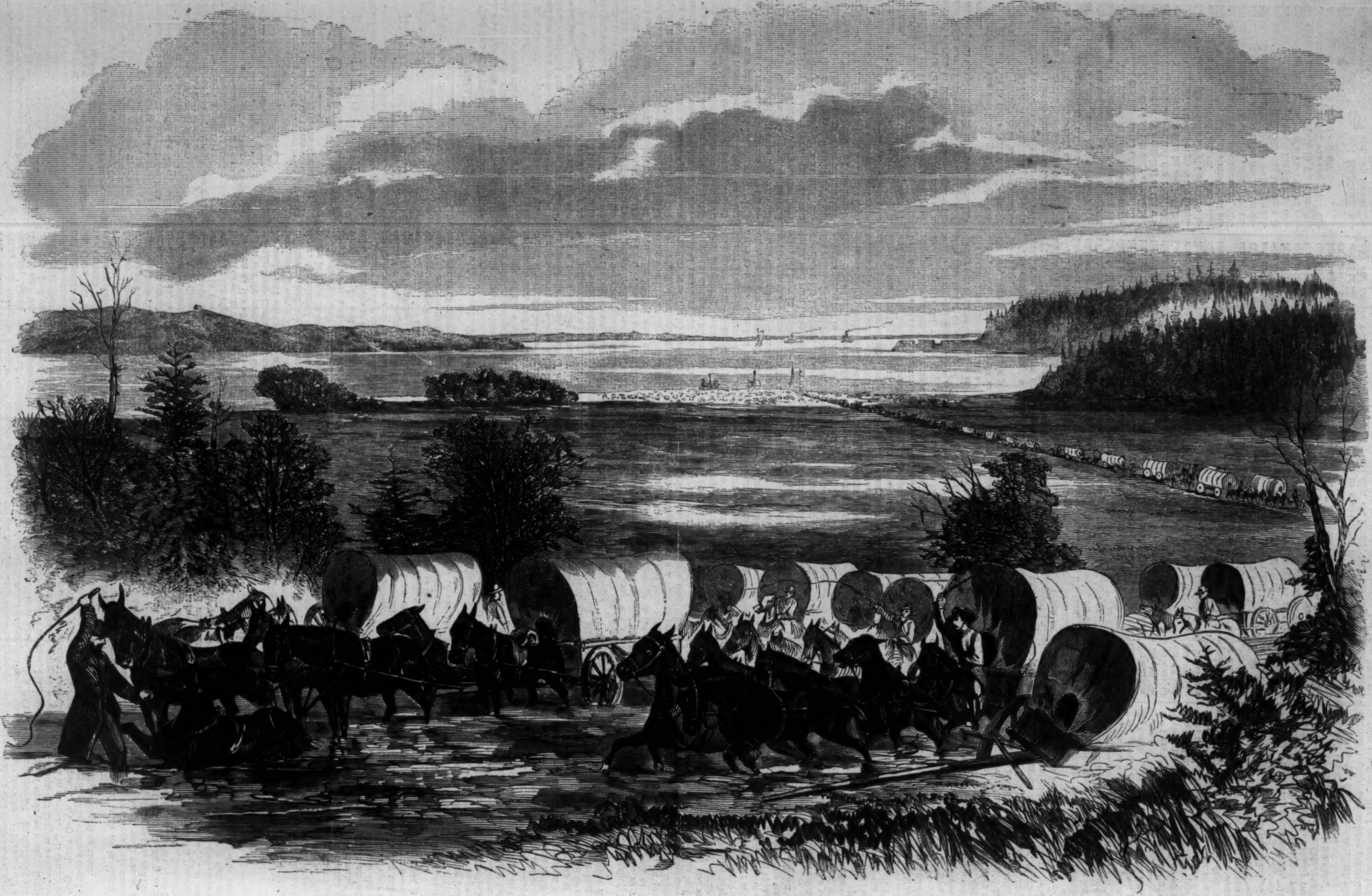
SEMINARY AT LA GRANGE, TENNESSEE, NOW USED AS A PRISON.—DRAWN BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



DAVIS MILLS, ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RAILROAD.—DRAWN BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



GRAND JUNCTION (TENNESSEE) OF THE MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON AND MISSISSIPPI AND OHIO RAILROADS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 807.]



BELLE PLAINS, ON THE POTOMAC—BURNSIDE'S PRINCIPAL COMMISSARY DEPOT.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 807.]

DECEMBER.

THE snow, thick fallen in the silent night,
Hath laden every branch, and every leaf
Droops with its dazzling weight. The fragile birch,
Its thready branches thickened with its load,
Strangely contrasts with yonder aucuba,
That bends beneath the agglomerated mass
Resting upon its leaves. The towering plane,
Its whitened tassels hanging in the sky,
Surmounts the wondrous scene. Each shrub and tree
Stands out in strangest individuality
Beneath its snowy pall. White blotchy lumps
Mark the broad evergreens, slim thready lines
The broom and osier. Beauteously grotesque
Looks the gaunt cedar, a long snowy layer
Glittering on every horizontal bough,
Like a colossal feather, cut in stone
By some bold master-hand. The glistening lawn
Is scarcely marked by footprint of a bird,
The hidden garden path hath not a stain;
Each flow'ret hath its coronet of snow,
And not a thing so vulgar or so mean
But dons an ermined robe. Tree, shrub, and flower
Stand in white livery out upon the eye,
Like some bright dream. That old familiar chime
A narrower circle seems to fill; the scene
Seems cabined and collapsed, and nearer drawn
The once far-off horizon, that doth hold,
As with a spell, a strangely silent world.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER II.

THE first week passed, the second week passed, and Magdalen was, to all appearance, no nearer to the discovery of the Secret Trust than on the day when she first entered on her service at St. Crux.

But the fortnight, uneventful though it was, had not been a fortnight lost. Experience had already satisfied her on one important point—experience had shown that she could set the rooted distrust of the other servants safely at defiance. Time had accustomed the women to her presence in the house, without shaking the vague conviction, which possessed them all alike, that the new-comer was not one of themselves. All that Magdalen could do in her own defense was to keep the instinctive female suspicion of her confined within those purely negative limits which it had occupied from the first, and this she accomplished. Day after day the women watched her with the untiring vigilance of malice and distrust, and day after day not the vestige of a discovery rewarded them for their pains. Silently, intelligently, and industriously, with an ever-present remembrance of herself and her place, the new parlor-maid did her work. Her only intervals of rest and relaxation were the intervals passed occasionally, in the day, with old Mazey and the dogs, and the precious interval of the night, during which she was secure from observation in the solitude of her room. Thanks to the superfluity of bedchambers at St. Crux, each one of the servants had the choice, if she pleased, of sleeping in a room of her own. Alone in the night, Magdalen might dare to be herself again—might dream of the past, and wake from the dream, encountering no curious eyes to notice that she was in tears—might ponder over the future, and be roused by no whispering in corners, which tainted her with the suspicion of "having something on her mind."

Satisfied, thus far, of the perfect security of her position in the house, she profited next by a second chance in her favor, which—before the fortnight was at an end—relieved her mind of all doubt on the formidable subject of Mrs. Lecount.

Partly from the accidental gossip of the women at the table in the servants' hall—partly from a marked paragraph in a Swiss newspaper which she had found one morning lying open on the admiral's easy-chair—she gained the welcome assurance that no danger was to be dreaded this time from the housekeeper's presence on the scene. Mrs. Lecount had, as it appeared, passed a week or more at St. Crux after the date of her master's death, and had then left England to live on the interest of her legacy, in honorable and prosperous retirement, in her native place. The paragraph in the Swiss newspaper described the fulfillment of this laudable project. Mrs. Lecount had not only established herself at Zurich, but (wisely mindful of the uncertainty of life) had also settled the charitable uses to which her fortune was to be applied after her death. One half of it was to go to the founding of a "Lecompte Scholarship" for poor students in the University of Geneva. The other half was to be employed by the municipal authorities of Zurich in the maintenance and education of a certain number of orphan girls, natives of the city, who were to be trained for domestic service in later life. The Swiss journalist adverted to these philanthropic bequests in terms of extravagant eulogy. Zurich was congratulated on the possession of a Paragon of public virtue; and William Tell, in the character of benefactor to Switzerland, was compared disadvantageously with Mrs. Lecount.

The third week began, and Magdalen was now at liberty to take her first step forward on the way to the discovery of the Secret Trust.

She ascertained from old Mazey that it was his master's custom, during the winter and spring months, to occupy the rooms in the north wing; and during the summer and autumn to cross the Arctic passage of "Freeze-your-Bones," and live in the eastward apartments which looked out on the garden. While the Banqueting Hall remained—owing to the admiral's inadequate pecuniary resources—in its damp and dismantled state, and while the interior of St. Crux was thus comfortlessly divided into two separate residences, no more convenient arrangement than this could well have been devised. Now and then (as Magdalen understood from her informant) there were days both in winter and summer when the admiral became anxious about the condition of the rooms which he was not occupying at the time, and when he insisted on investigating the state of the furniture, the pictures, and the books with his own eyes. On these occasions—in summer as in winter—a blazing fire was kindled for some days previously in the large grate, and the charcoal was lit in the tripod-pan, to keep the Banqueting Hall as warm as circumstances would admit. As soon as the old gentleman's anxieties were set at rest the rooms were shut up again; and "Freeze-your-Bones" was once more abandoned for weeks and weeks together to damp, desolation, and decay. The last of these temporary migrations had taken place only a few days since; the admiral had satisfied himself that the rooms in the east wing were none the worse for the absence of their master—and he might now be safely reckoned on as settled in the north wing for weeks, and perhaps, if the season was cold, for months to come.

Trifling as they might be in themselves, these particulars were of serious importance to Magdalen, for they helped her to fix the limits of the field of search. Assuming that the admiral was likely to keep all his important documents within easy reach of his own hand, she might now feel certain that the Secret Trust was secured in one or other of the rooms in the north wing.

In which room? That question was not easy to answer.

Of the four inhabitable rooms which were all at the admiral's disposal during the day—that is to say, of the dining-room, the library, the morning-room, and the drawing-room opening out of the vestibule—the library appeared to be the apartment in which, if he had a preference, he passed the greater part of his time. There was a table in this room with drawers that locked; there was a magnificent Italian cabinet, with doors that locked; there were five cupboards under the book-cases, every one of which locked. There were receptacles similarly secured in the other rooms, in all or any of which papers might be kept. She had answered the bell, and had seen him locking and unlocking, now in one room, now in another—but oftenest in the library. She had noticed occasionally that his expression was fretful and impatient when he looked round at her from an open cabinet or cupboard and gave his orders; and she inferred that something in connection with his papers and possessions—it might or might not be the Secret Trust—irritated and annoyed him from time to time. She had heard him, more than once, lock something up in one of the rooms—come out and go into another room—wait there a few minutes—then return to the first room, with his keys in his hand—and sharply turn the locks, and turn them again. This fidgety anxiety about his keys and his cupboards might be the result of the inbred restlessness of his disposition, aggravated in a naturally active man by the aimless indolence of a life in retirement—a life drifting backward and forward among trifles, with no regular employment to steady it at any given hour of the day. On the other hand, it was just as probable that these comings and goings, these lockings and unlockings, might be attributable to the existence of some private responsibility, which had unexpectedly intruded itself into the old man's easy existence, and which tormented him with a sense of oppression new to the experience of his later years. Either one of these interpretations might explain his conduct as reasonably and as probably as the other. Which was the right interpretation of the two, it was, in Magdalen's position, impossible to say.

The one certain discovery at which she arrived was made in her first day's observation of him. The admiral was a rigidly careful man with his keys.

All the smaller keys he kept on a ring in the breast-pocket of his coat. The larger he locked up together, generally, but not always, in one of the drawers of the library table. Sometimes he left them secured in this way at night; sometimes he took them up to the bedroom with him in a little basket. He had no regular times for leaving them or for taking them away with him; he had no discoverable reason for now securing them in the library-table drawer, and now again locking them up in some other place. The inveterate willfulness and caprice of his proceedings in these particulars defied every effort to reduce them to a system, and baffled all attempts at calculating on them beforehand.

The hope of gaining positive information to act on, by laying artful snares for him which he might fall into in his talk, proved, from the outset, to be utterly futile. In Magdalen's situation all experiments of this sort would have been in the last degree difficult and dangerous with any man. With the admiral they were simply impossible. His tendency to veer about from one subject to another; his habit of keeping his tongue perpetually going, so long as there was any body, no matter whom, within reach of the sound of his voice; his comical want of all dignity and reserve with his servants promised, in appearance, much, and performed, in reality, nothing. No matter how diffidently or how respectfully Magdalen might presume on her master's example, and on her master's evident liking for her, the old man instantly discovered the advance she was making from her proper position, and instantly put her back in it again, with a quaint good-humor which inflicted no pain, but with a blunt straightforwardness of purpose which permitted no escape. Contradictory as it may sound, Admiral Bartram was too familiar to be approached; he kept the distance between himself and his servant more effectually than if he had been the proudest man in England. The systematic reserve of a superior toward an inferior may be occasionally overcome—the systematic familiarity, never.

Slowly the time dragged on. The fourth week came, and Magdalen had made no new discoveries. The prospect was depressing in the last degree. Even in the apparently hopeless event of her devising a means of getting at the admiral's keys, she could not count on retaining possession of them unsuspected for more than a few hours—hours which might be utterly wasted through her [illegible]ing in what direction to begin the [illegible] The Trust might be locked up in any one of the twenty receptacles for papers, situated in four different rooms; and which room was the likeliest to look in, which receptacle was the most promising to begin with, which position, among other heaps of papers, the one paper needful might be expected to occupy, was more than she could say. Hemmed in by immeasurable uncertainties on every side—condemned, as it were, to wander blindfold on the very brink of success—she waited for the chance that never came, for the event that never happened, with a patience which was sinking already into the patience of despair.

Night after night she looked back over the vanished days, and not an event rose on her memory to distinguish them one from the other. The only interruptions to the weary uniformity of the life at St. Crux were caused by the characteristic delinquencies of old Mazey and the dogs.

At certain intervals the original wildness broke out in the natures of Brutus and Cassius. The modest comforts of home, the savory charms of made-dishes, the decorous joy of digestions accomplished on hearth-rugs, lost all their attractions, and the dogs ungratefully left the house to seek dissipation and adventure in the outer world. On these occasions the established after-dinner formula of question and answer between old Mazey and his master varied a little in one particular. "God bless the Queen, Mazey," and "How's the wind, Mazey?" were followed by a new inquiry: "Where are the dogs, Mazey?" "Out on the loose, your honor, and be damned to 'em," was the veteran's unvarying answer. The admiral always sighed and shook his head gravely at the news, as if Brutus and Cassius had been sons of his own, who treated him with a want of proper filial respect. In two or three days' time the dogs always returned, lean, dirty, and heartily ashamed of themselves. For the whole of the next day they were invariably tied up in disgrace. On the day after they were scrubbed clean and were formally readmitted to the dining-room. There Civilization, acting through the medium of made-dishes, recovered its hold on them, and the admiral's two prodigal sons watered at the mouth as copiously as ever.

Old Mazey, in his way, proved to be just as disreputably inclined on certain occasions as the dogs. At intervals, the original wildness in *his* nature broke out: he, too, lost all relish for the comforts of home, and ungratefully left the house. He usually disappeared in the afternoon, and returned at night as drunk as liquor could make him. He was by many degrees too seasoned a vessel to meet with any disasters on these occasions. His wicked old legs might take roundabout methods of progression, but they never failed him; his wicked old eyes might see double, but they always showed him the way home. Try as hard as they might the servants could never succeed in persuading him that he was drunk: he always scorned the imputation. He even declined to admit the idea privately into his mind until he had first tested his condition by a criterion of his own.

It was his habit in these cases of Bacchanalian emergency to stagger obstinately into his room on the ground-floor—to take the model ship out of the cupboard—and to try if he could proceed with the never-to-be-completed employment of setting up the rigging. When he had smashed the tiny spars and snapped asunder the delicate ropes—then, and not till then, the veteran admitted facts as they were, on the authority of practical evidence. "Ay! ay!" he used to say confidentially to himself, "The women are right. Drunk again, Mazey—drunk again!" Having reached this discovery, it was his habit to wait cunningly in the lower regions until the admiral was safe in his room, and then to ascend, in discreet list slippers, to his post. Too wary to attempt getting into the truckle-bed (which would have been only inviting the catastrophe of a fall against his master's door), he always walked himself sober up and down the passage. More than once Magdalen had peeped round the screen, and had seen the old sailor unsteadily keeping his watch, and fancying himself once more at his duty on board ship. "This is an uncommonly lively vessel in a sea-way," he used to mutter under his breath, when his legs took him down the passage in zigzag directions, or left him for the moment, studying the "Pints of the Compass," on his own system, with his back against the wall. "A nasty night, mind you," he would maunder on, taking another turn. "As dark as your pocket, and the wind heading us again from the old quarter." On the next day, old Mazey, like the dogs, was kept down stairs in disgrace. On the day after, like the dogs again, he was reinstated in his privileges, and another change was introduced in the after-dinner formula. On entering the room the old sailor stopped short and made his excuses, with his back against the door. "Please your honor, I'm ashamed of myself." In that brief yet comprehensive form of words the apology began and ended. "This mustn't happen again, Mazey," the admiral used to answer. "It sha'n't happen again, your honor." "Very good. God bless the Queen, Mazey." The veteran tossed off his port, and the dialogue ended as usual.

So the days passed, with no incidents more important than these to relieve their monotony, until the end of the fourth week was at hand. On the last day an event happened, and the long-deferred promise of the future began to dawn. While Magdalen was spreading the cloth in the dining-room as usual, Mrs. Drake looked in and instructed her on this occasion, for the first time, to lay the table for two persons. The admiral had written to his nephew, and had received an answer by the next post. Early that evening Mr. George Bartram was expected to return to St. Crux.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER placing the second cover Magdalen awaited the ringing of the dinner-bell with an interest and impatience which she found it no easy task to conceal. The return of Mr. Bartram would, in all probability, produce a change in the life of the house, and from change of any kind, no matter how trifling, something might be hoped. The nephew might be accessible to influences which had failed to reach the uncle. In any case the two would talk of their affairs over their dinner, and through that talk—proceeding day after day in her presence—the way to discovery, now absolutely invisible, might, sooner or later, show itself.

At last the bell rang, the door opened, and the two gentlemen entered the room together.

Magdalen was struck, as her sister had been struck, by George Bartram's resemblance to her father—judging by the portrait at Combe-Raven, which presented the likeness of Andrew Vanstone in his younger days. The light hair and florid complexion, the bright blue eyes and hardy upright figure, familiar to her in the picture, were all recalled to her memory as the nephew followed the uncle across the room and took his place at table. She was not prepared for this sudden revival of the lost associations of home. Her attention wandered as she tried to conceal its effect on her; and she made a blunder in waiting at table, for the first time since she had entered the house.

A quaint reprimand from the admiral, half in jest, half in earnest, gave her time to recover herself. She ventured another look at George Bartram. The impression which he produced on her this time roused her curiosity immediately. His face and manner plainly expressed anxiety and preoccupation of mind. He looked oftener at his plate than at his uncle; and at Magdalen herself—except one passing inspection of the new parlor-maid when the admiral spoke to her—he never looked at all. Some uncertainty was evidently troubling his thoughts; some oppression was weighing on his natural freedom of manner. What uncertainty? what oppression? Would any personal revelations come out, little by little, in the course of conversation at the dinner-table?

No. One set of dishes followed another set of dishes, and nothing in the shape of a personal revelation took place. The conversation halted on irregularly, between public affairs on one side and trifling private topics on the other. Politics, home and foreign, took their turn with the small household history of St. Crux—and the leaders of the revolution which expelled Louis Philippe from the throne of France marched side by side in the dinner-table review with old Mazey and the dogs. The dessert was put on the table; the old sailor came in—drank his loyal toast—paid his respects to "Master George"—and went out again. Magdalen followed him, on her way back to the servants' offices, having heard nothing in the conversation of the slightest importance to the furtherance of her own design from the first word of it to the last. She struggled hard not to lose heart and hope on the first day. They could hardly talk again to-morrow, they could hardly talk again the next day, of the French Revolution and the dogs. Time might do wonders yet; and Time was all her own.

Left together over their wine, the uncle and nephew drew their easy-chairs on either side of the fire, filled their glasses, and, in Magdalen's absence, began the very conversation which it was Magdalen's interest to hear.

"Claret, George?" said the admiral, pushing the bottle across the table. "You look out of spirits."

"I am a little anxious, Sir," replied George, leaving his glass empty, and looking straight into the fire.

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the admiral. "I am more than a little anxious myself, I can tell you. Here we are at the last days of March—and nothing done! Your time comes to an end on the third of May, and there you sit as if you had years still before you to turn round in."

George smiled, and resignedly helped himself to some wine.

"Am I really to understand, Sir," he asked, "that you are serious in what you said to me last November? Are you actually resolved to bind me to that incomprehensible condition?"

"I don't call it incomprehensible," said the admiral, irritably.

"Don't you, Sir? I am to inherit your estate, unconditionally, as you have generously settled it from the first. But I am not to touch a farthing of the fortune poor Noel left you unless I am married within a certain time. The house and lands are to be mine under any circumstances. But the money with which I might improve them both is to be arbitrarily taken away from me if I am not a married man on the third of May. I am sadly wanting in intelligence I dare say, but a more incomprehensible proceeding I never heard of!"

"No snapping and snarling, George! Say your say out. We don't understand sneering in Her Majesty's Navy!"

"I mean no offense, Sir. But I think it's a little hard to astonish me by a change of proceeding on your part, entirely foreign to my experience of your character, and then, when I naturally ask for an explanation, to turn round coolly and leave me in the dark. If you and Noel came to some private arrangement together before he made his will, why not tell me? Why set up a mystery between us where no mystery need be?"

"I won't have it, George!" cried the admiral, angrily drumming on the table with the nutcrackers. "You are trying to draw me like a badger, but I won't be drawn! I'll make any conditions I please; and I'll be accountable to nobody for them unless I like. It's quite bad enough to have worries and responsibilities laid on my unlucky shoulders that I never bargained for—never mind what worries: they're not yours, they're mine—without being questioned and cross-questioned as if I was a witness in a box. Here's a pretty fellow!" continued the admiral, apostrophizing his nephew in red-hot irritation, and addressing himself to the dogs on the hearth-rug for want of a better audience. "Here's a pretty fellow! He is asked to help himself to two uncommonly comfortable things in their way—a fortune and a wife—he is allowed six months to get the wife in (we should have got her in the Navy, bag and baggage, in six days)—he has a round dozen of nice girls, to my certain knowledge, in one part of the country and another, all at his disposal to choose from—and what does he do? He sits month after month with his lazy legs crossed before him; he leaves the girls to pine on the stem; and he bothers his uncle to know the reason why! I pity the poor unfortunate women! Men were made of flesh and blood—and plenty of it too—in my time. They're made of machinery now."

"I can only repeat, Sir, I am sorry to have offended you," said George.

"Pooh! pooh! you needn't look at me in that languishing way if you are," retorted the admiral. "Stick to your wine, and I'll forgive you. Your good health, George. I'm glad to see you again at St. Crux. Look at that plateful of sponge-cakes! The cook has sent them up in honor of your return. We can't hurt her feelings, and we can't spoil our wine. Here!"—The admiral tossed four sponge-cakes in quick succession down the accommodating throats of the dogs. "I'm sorry, George," the old gentleman gravely proceeded; "I'm really sorry you haven't got your eye on one of those nice girls. You don't know what a loss you're inflicting on yourself—you don't know what trouble and mortification you're causing me—by this shilly-shally conduct of yours."

"If you would only allow me to explain myself, Sir, you would view my conduct in a totally different light. I am ready to marry to-morrow, if the lady will have me."

"The devil you are! So you have got a lady in your eye after all? Why in Heaven's name couldn't you tell me so before? Never mind—I'll forgive you every thing now I know you have laid your hand on a wife. Fill your glass again. Here's her health in a bumper. By-the-by, who is she?"

"I'll tell you directly, admiral. When we began this conversation, I mentioned that I was a little anxious—"

"She's not one of my round dozen of nice girls—aha, Master George, I see that in your face already! Why are you anxious?"

"I am afraid you will disapprove of my choice, Sir."

"Don't beat about the bush! How the deuce can I say whether I disapprove or not if you won't tell me who she is?"

"She is the eldest daughter of Andrew Vanstone of Combe-Raven."

"Who!!!"

"Miss Vanstone, Sir."

The admiral put down his glass of wine untasted.

"You're right, George," he said. "I do disapprove of your choice—strongly disapprove of it."

"Is it the misfortune of her birth, Sir, that you object to?"

"God forbid! the misfortune of her birth is not her fault, poor thing. You know as well as I do, George, what I object to."

"You object to her sister?"

"Certainly! The most liberal man alive might object to her sister, I think."

"It's hard, Sir, to make Miss Vanstone suffer for her sister's faults."

"*Faults*, do you call them? You have a mighty convenient memory, George, where your own interests are concerned."

"Call them crimes, if you like, Sir—I say again, it's hard on Miss Vanstone. Miss Vanstone's life is pure of all reproach. From first to last she has borne her hard lot with such patience, and sweetness, and courage as not one woman in a thousand would have shown in her place. Ask Miss Garth, who has known her from childhood. Ask Mrs. Tyrrel, who blesses the day when she came into the house—"

"Ask a fiddlestick's end! I beg your pardon, George—but you are enough to try the patience of a saint. My good fellow, I don't deny Miss Vanstone's virtues; I'll admit, if you like, she's the best woman that ever put on a petticoat. That is not the question—"

"Excuse me, admiral—it *is* the question, if she is to be my wife."

"Hear me out, George; look at it from my point of view as well as your own. What did your cousin Noel do? Your cousin Noel fell a victim, poor fellow, to one of the vilest conspiracies I ever heard of—and the prime mover of that conspiracy was Miss Vanstone's damnable sister. She deceived him in the most infamous manner; and as soon as she was down for a handsome legacy in his will she had the poison ready to take his life. That is the truth—we know it from Mrs. Lecount, who found the bottle locked up in her own room. If you marry Miss Vanstone, you make this wretch your sister-in-law. She becomes a member of our family. All the disgrace of what she has done; all the disgraces of what she *may* do—and the Devil who possesses her, only knows what lengths she may go to next—becomes *our* disgrace. Good Heavens, George, consider what a position that is! Consider what pitch you touch if you make this woman your sister-in-law."

"You have put your side of the question, admiral," said George, resolutely; "now let me put mine. A certain impression is produced on me by a young lady, whom I meet with under very interesting circumstances. I don't act headlong on that impression, as I might have done if I had been some years younger—I wait and put it to the trial. Every time I see this young lady the impression strengthens—her beauty grows on me, her character grows on me; when I am away from her I am restless and dissatisfied, when I am with her I am the happiest man alive. All I hear of her conduct from those who know her best more than confirms the high opinion I have formed of her. The one drawback I can discover is caused by a misfortune for which she is not responsible—the misfortune of having a sister who is utterly unworthy of her. Does this discovery—an unpleasant discovery, I grant you—destroy all those good qualities in Miss Vanstone for which I love and admire her? Nothing of the sort—it only makes her good qualities all the more precious to me by contrast. If I am to have a drawback to contend with—and who expects any thing else in this world?—I would infinitely rather have the drawback attached to my wife's sister than to my wife. My wife's sister is not essential to my happiness, but my wife is. In my opinion, Sir, Mrs. Noel Vanstone has done mischief enough already—I won't let her do more mischief by depriving me of a good wife. Right or wrong, that is my point of view. I don't wish to trouble you with any questions of sentiment. All I wish to say is, that I am old enough by this time to know my own mind—and that my mind is made up. If my marriage is essential to the execution of your generous intentions on my behalf, there is only one woman in the world whom I *can* marry—and that woman is Miss Vanstone."

There was no resisting this plain declaration. Admiral Bartram rose from his chair without making any reply, and walked perturbedly up and down the room.

The situation was emphatically a serious one. Mrs. Girdlestone's death had already produced the failure of one of the two objects contemplated by the Secret Trust. If the third of May arrived and found George a single man, the second (and last) of the objects would then have failed in its turn. In little more than a fortnight at the very latest the Bans must be published in Ossory church—or the time would fail for compliance with one of the stipulations insisted on in the Trust. Obstinate as the admiral was by nature, strongly as he felt the objections which attached to his nephew's contemplated alliance, he recoiled, in spite of himself, as he paced the room, and saw the facts, on either side, immovably staring him in the face.

"Are you engaged to Miss Vanstone?" he asked, suddenly.

"No, Sir," replied George. "I thought it due to your uniform kindness to me to speak to you on the subject first."

"Much obliged, I'm sure. And you have put it off to the last moment, just as you put off every thing else. Do you think Miss Vanstone will say Yes when you ask her?"

George hesitated.

"The devil take your modesty!" shouted the admiral. "This is not a time for modesty—this is a time for speaking out. Will she or won't she?"

"I think she will, Sir."

The admiral laughed sardonically, and took another turn in the room. He suddenly stopped, put his hands in his pockets, and stood still in a corner deep in thought. After an interval of a few minutes his face cleared a little: it brightened with the dawning of a new idea. He walked round briskly to George's side of the fire, and laid his hand kindly on his nephew's shoulder.

"You're wrong, George," he said; "but it is too late now to set you right. On the sixteenth of next month the Bans must be put up in Ossory church, or you will lose the money. Have you told Miss Vanstone the position you stand in? Or have you put that off to the eleventh hour, like every thing else?"

"The position is so extraordinary, Sir, and it might lead to so much misapprehension of my motives, that I have felt unwilling to allude to it. I hardly know how I can tell her of it at all."

"Try the experiment of telling her friends. Let them know it's a question of money, and they will overcome her scruples, if you can't. But that is not what I had to say to you. How long do you propose stopping here this time?"

"I thought of staying a few days, and then—"

"And then of going back to London and making your offer, I suppose? Will a week give you time enough to pick your opportunity with Miss Vanstone—a week out of the fortnight you have to spare?"

"I will stay here a week, admiral, with pleasure, if you wish it."

"I don't wish it. I want you to pack up your traps and be off to-morrow."

George looked at his uncle in silent astonishment.

"You found some letters waiting for you when you got here," proceeded the admiral. "Was one of those letters from my old friend, Sir Franklin Brock?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was it an invitation to you to go and stay at the Grange?"

"Yes, Sir."

"To go at once?"

"At once, if I could manage it."

"Very good. I want you to manage it. I want you to start for the Grange to-morrow."

George looked back at the fire, and sighed impatiently.

"I understand you now, admiral," he said. "You are entirely mistaken in me. My attachment to Miss Vanstone is not to be shaken in *that* manner."

Admiral Bartram took his quarter-deck walk again up and down the room.

"One good turn deserves another, George," said the old gentleman. "If I am willing to make concessions on my side, the least you can do is to meet me half-way, and make concessions on yours."

"I don't deny it, Sir."

"Very well. Now listen to my proposal. Give me a fair hearing, George—a fair hearing is every man's privilege. I will be perfectly just to begin with. I won't attempt to deny that you honestly believe Miss Vanstone is the only woman in the world who can make you happy. I don't question that. What I do question is, whether you really know your own mind in this matter quite so well as you think you know it yourself. You can't deny, George, that you have been in love with a good many women in your time? Among the rest of them, you have been in love with Miss Brock. No longer ago than this time last year there was a sneaking kindness between you and that young lady, to say the least of it. And quite right, too! Miss Brock is one of that round dozen of darlings I mentioned over our first glass of wine."

"You are confusing an idle flirtation, Sir, with a serious attachment," said George. "You are altogether mistaken—you are indeed."

"Likely enough; I don't pretend to be infallible—I leave that to my juniors. But I happen to have known you, George, since you were the height of my old telescope, and I want to have this serious attachment of yours put to the test. If you can satisfy me that your whole heart and soul are as strongly set on Miss Vanstone as you suppose them to be, I must knock under to necessity, and keep my objections to myself. But I *must* be satisfied first. Go to the Grange to-morrow, and stay there a week in Miss Brock's society. Give that charming girl a fair chance of lighting up the old flame again if she can, and then come back to St. Crux, and let me hear the result. If you tell me, as an honest man, that your attachment to Miss Vanstone still remains unshaken, you will have heard the last of my objections from that moment. Whatever misgivings I may feel in my own mind, I will say nothing and do nothing adverse to your wishes. There is my proposal. I dare say it looks like an old man's folly in your eyes. But the old man won't trouble you much longer, George—and it may be a pleasant reflection, when you have got sons of your own, to remember that you humored him in his last days."

He came back to the fire-place as he said those words, and laid his hand once more on his nephew's shoulder. George took the hand and pressed it affectionately. In the tenderest and best sense of the word his uncle had been a father to him.

"I will do what you ask me, Sir," he replied, "if you really wish it. But it is only right to tell you that the experiment will be utterly useless. However, if you prefer my passing the week at the Grange to my passing it here, to the Grange I will go."

"Thank you, George," said the admiral, bluntly. "I expected as much from you, and you have not disappointed me. If Miss Brock doesn't get us out of this mess," thought the wily old gentleman as he resumed his place at the table, "my nephew's weathercock of a head has turned steady with a vengeance! We'll consider the question settled for to-night, George," he continued, aloud, "and call another subject. These family anxieties don't improve the flavor of my old claret. The bottle stands with you. What are they doing at the theatres in London? We always patronized the theatres in my time in the Navy. We used to like a good tragedy to begin with, and a hornpipe to cheer us up at the end of the entertainment."

For the rest of the evening the talk flowed in the ordinary channels. Admiral Bartram only returned to the forbidden subject when he and his nephew parted for the night.

"You won't forget to-morrow, George?"

"Certainly not, Sir. I'll take the dog-cart and drive myself over after breakfast."

Before noon the next day Mr. George Bartram had left the house, and the last chance in Magdalen's favor had left it with him.

THE INDIAN MURDERERS IN MINNESOTA.

We publish on page 801 a very striking picture of the identification of an Indian Murderer (one of the leaders of the late Indian foray into Minnesota) by a boy survivor who witnessed the massacre. The gentleman who made the sketch from which our picture is taken kindly sends us the following account:

"After fighting two severe battles, the troops under the command of Brigadier-General Sibley succeeded in capturing the greater portion of the bands who committed the recent murders. The victims amounted in number to over one thousand, and many no doubt are still lying in the woods, where they fled for shelter and were struck down. There is no record of a massacre so thorough in detail in the history of our country, fruitful as it is of Indian outbreaks. A short time since I was at South Bend, on the Minnesota River, and saw the captives. They are confined in strong log prisons and closely guarded, not so much to prevent their escape as to secure them from the vengeance of the outraged settlers. They are the most hideous wretches that I have ever seen. I have been in the prisons of Singapore where the Malay pirates are confined—the Dyacks, who are the most ferocious and blood-thirsty of their kind—but they are mild and humane in appearance compared to these Sioux warriors.

"Quite an incident occurred while I was there. A boy who had escaped after seeing the murder and outrage of his mother and sisters was brought in to look at the prisoners, and, if possible, identify them. One of the friendly Indians, who had distinguished himself by his bravery and humanity, accompanied the party to act as interpreter. When we entered the log-house that served for a prison the captives were mostly crouched on the floor, but one of them arose and confronted us with a defiant scowl. Another, supporting himself on his arm, surveyed the party with a look like a tiger about to spring. The boy advanced boldly, and pointed him out without hesitancy. Subsequent investigation showed that this wretch had murdered eleven persons. The boy's eyes flashed as he told the sickening tale of his mother's murder, and the spectators could scarce refrain from killing the wretch on the spot. He never relaxed his sullen glare, and seemed perfectly indifferent when told of his identification by the interpreter.

"The entire country steams with slaughter, and there is scarce a family in the large district that was the scene of the outbreak that has not lost a member; and many are entirely cut off, and nothing left to indicate their fate but their devastated homes and the chance admissions of the prisoners.

"It will be long before the frontiers of Minnesota will recover from this tragedy, and many of the sufferers will seek justice with their ready rifles, and will range the vast plains west to the Missouri, until they have hunted every Indian into the mountains."

THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

Our artist, Mr. Simplot, has sent us several sketches, which we reproduce on page 804. Grand Junction, Tennessee, has long been one of the most important stations in the Southwest, and has been held by our army ever since the rebel evacuation of Corinth. It is from thence that Grant moved forward to compel the retreat of the insurgents from Holly Springs. Davis Mills is a position on the left wing of our army under Grant, and was lately occupied by General Hamilton's Division. It is a well-known spot to the army of the South-west.

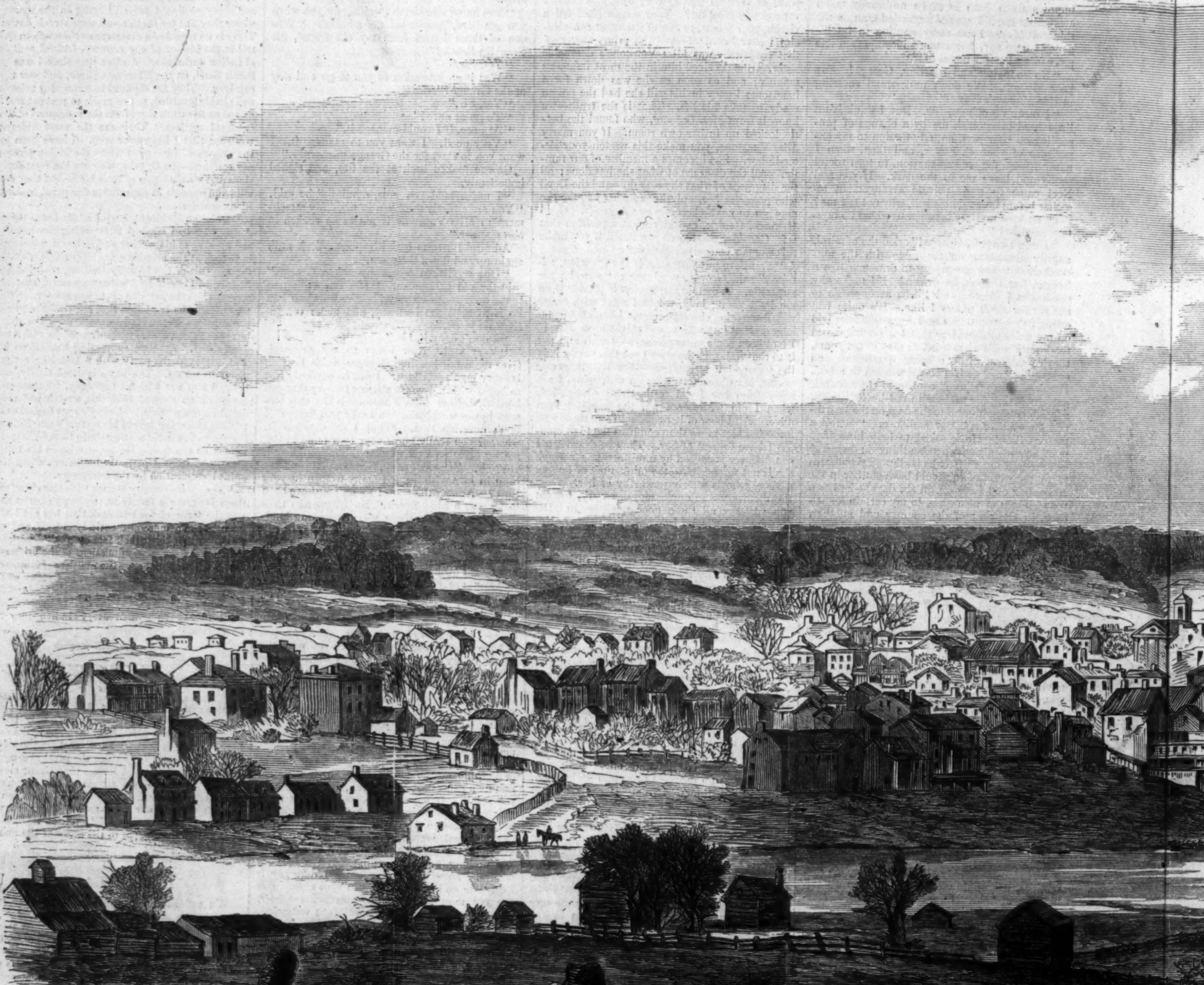
BELLE PLAINS.

We publish on page 805 a view of Belle Plains, the principal dépôt of supplies for the army of the Potomac. It is near Aquia Creek. Here hundreds of thousands of bales, boxes, barrels, and cases of supplies are being accumulated as fast as they can be landed from transports and hauled through the mud by overworked mules. The scene is characteristic, and the picture explains itself. It is from a sketch by Mr. Theo. R. Davis.

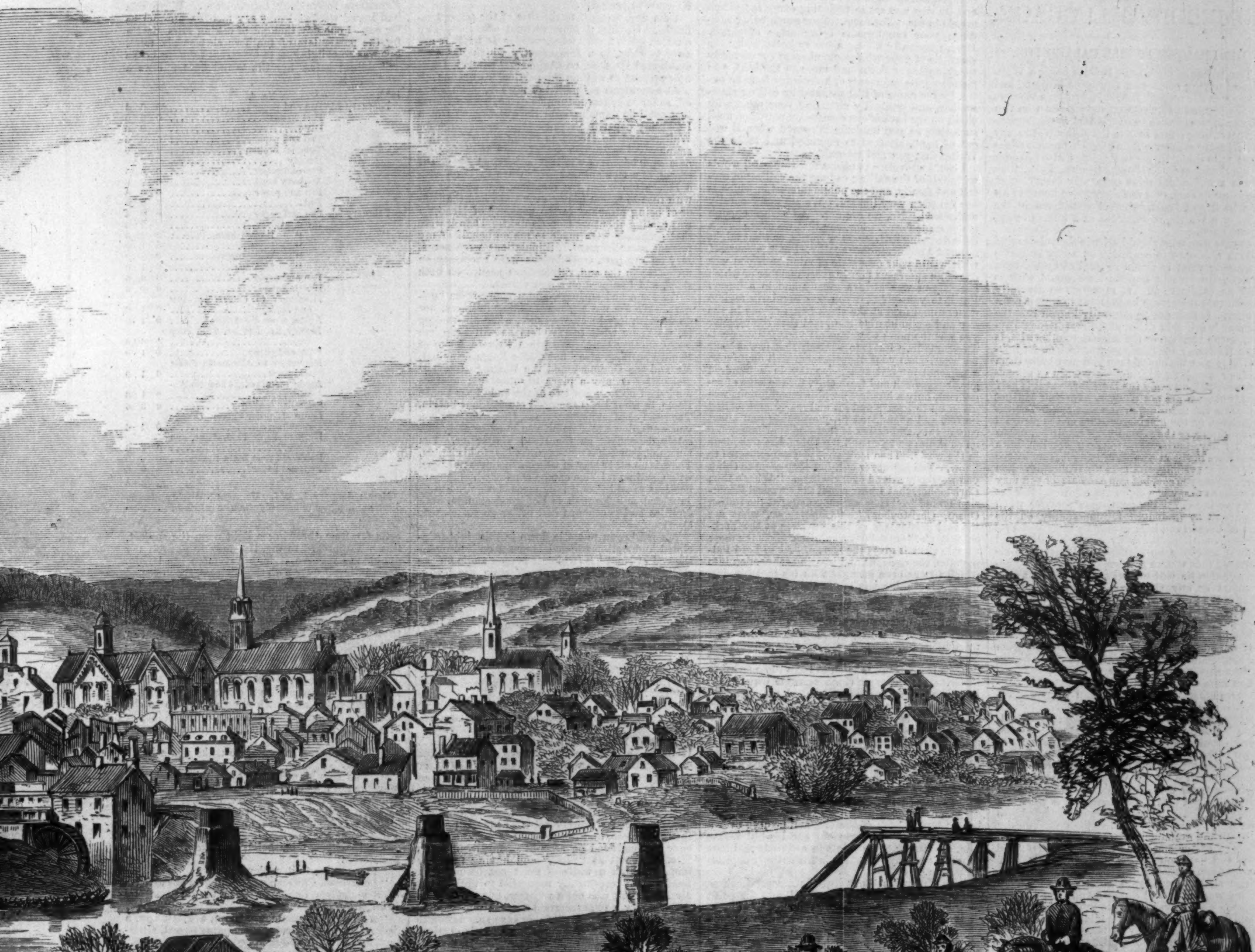
WINTER.

When winter rains begin,
And trees are yellow and thin,
And every garden bed
Is a couch for the dying or dead;
When woods are mouldy and dank;
When the sodden river bank
Is gusty, and misty, and chill,
And birds are dull and still;
Then may you chance to see
What has no right to be—
A primrose breaking its sheath
In this time of sorrow and death,
A violet under a leaf
In this season of sickness and grief,
All alone, with the spring in their eyes and breath.

Or you may hear, perchance,
Across the brown wood's trance,
A sudden mid-May note,
Trilled out of a blackbird's throat;
As if he had joy to spare,
Which brightened the lifeless air;
As if he had pleasure laid by,
Which sweetened the loveless sky.
Oh! sad are these relics which last
To tell of the bright days past!
Nay, but dear are these signs which are born
To hint of the coming morn.
Is it saddest or sweetest to feel
A breath from our childhood steal,
A gleam from the days of our youth,
Of tenderness, trust, and truth,
Of sweet emotions lost
Glide over our age's frost,
When the deadest time is near,
The dark hour which must be cross'd,
And beyond are the flowers of the vernal ye



FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[From



[From a Drawing by Mr. A. R. Waud.]

Dickens's New Christmas Story.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

HIS LEAVING IT TILL CALLED FOR.

THE writer of these humble lines being a Waiter, and having come of a family of Waiters, and owning at the present time five brothers who are all Waiters, and likewise an only sister who is a Waitress, would wish to offer a few words respecting his calling; first having the pleasure of hereby in a friendly manner offering the Dedication of the same unto JOSEPH, much-respected Head-Waiter at the Slamjam Coffee-house, London, E. C., than which a individual more eminently deserving of the name of man, or a more amenable honor to his own head and heart, whether considered in the light of a Waiter, or regarded as a human being, do not exist.

In case confusion should arise in the public mind (which it is open to confusion on many subjects) respecting what is meant or implied by the term Waiter, the present humble lines would wish to offer an explanation. It may not be generally known that the person as goes out to wait is *not* a Waiter. It may not be generally known that the hand as is called in extra, at the Freemasons' Tavern, or the London, or the Albion, or otherwise, is *not* a Waiter. Such hands may be took on for Public Dinners by the bushel (and you may know them by their breathing with difficulty when in attendance, and taking away the bottle ere yet it is half out), but such are *not* Waiters. For you can not lay down the tailoring, or the shoemaking, or the brokering, or the green-grocering, or the pictorial periodicaling, or the second-hand wardrobe, or the small fancy, businesses—you can not lay down those lines of life at your will and pleasure by the half day or evening, and take up Waitering. You may suppose you can, but you can not; or you may go so far as to say you do, but you do not. Nor yet can you lay down the gentleman's-service when stimulated by prolonged incompatibility on the part of Cooks (and here it may be remarked that Cooking and Incompatibility will be mostly found united), and take up Waitering. It has been ascertained that what a gentleman will sit meek under at home he will not bear out of doors, at the Slamjam or any similar establishment. Then, what is the inference to be drawn respecting true Waitering? You must be bred to it. You must be born to it.

Would you know how born to it, Fair Reader—if of the adorable female sex? Then learn from the biographical experience of one that is a Waiter in the sixty-first year of his age.

You were conveyed, ere yet your dawning powers were otherwise developed than to harbor vacancy in your inside—you were conveyed, by surreptitious means, into a pantry adjoining the Admiral Nelson, Civic and General Dining Rooms, there to receive by stealth that healthful sustenance which is the pride and boast of the British female constitution. Your mother was married to your father (himself a distant Waiter) in the profoundest secrecy; for a Waitress known to be married would ruin the best of businesses—it is the same as on the stage. Hence your being smuggled into the pantry, and that—to add to the infliction—by an unwilling grandmother. Under the combined influence of the smells of roast and boiled, and soup, and gas, and malt liquors, you partook of your earliest nourishment; your unwilling grandmother sitting prepared to catch you when your mother was called and dropped you; your grandmother's shawl ever ready to stifle your natural complainings: your innocent mind surrounded by uncongenial cruets, dirty plates, dish-covers, and cold gravy; your mother calling down the pipe for veals and porks, instead of soothing you with nursery rhymes. Under these untoward circumstances you were early weaned. Your unwilling grandmother—ever growing more unwilling as your food assimilated less—then contracted habits of shaking you till your system curdled, and your food would not assimilate at all. At length she was no longer spared, and could have been thankfully spared much sooner. When your brothers began to appear in succession, your mother retired, left off her smart dressing (she had previously been a smart dresser), and her dark ringlets (which had previously been flowing), and haunted your father late of nights, lying in wait for him through all weathers, up the shabby court which led to the back-door of the Royal Old Dust-Binn (said to have been so named by George the Fourth), where your father was Head. But the Dust-Binn was going down then, and your father took but little—excepting from a liquid point of view. Your mother's object in those visits was of a housekeeping character, and you was set on to whistle your father out. Sometimes he came out, but generally not. Come or not come, however, all that part of his existence which was unconnected with open Waitering was kept a close secret, and was acknowledged by your mother to be a close secret, and you and your mother flitted about the court, close secrets both of you, and would scarcely have confessed under torture that you knew your father, or that your father had any name than Dick (which wasn't his name, though he was never known by any other), or that he had kith or kin or chick or child. Perhaps the attraction of this mystery, combined with your father's having a damp compartment to himself, behind a leaky cistern, at the Dust-Binn—a sort of a cellar compartment, with a sink in it, and a smell, and a plate-rack, and a bottle-rack, and three windows that didn't match each other or any thing else, and no daylight—caused your young mind to feel convinced that you must grow up to be a Waiter too; but you did feel convinced of it, and so did all your brothers, down to your sister. Every one of you felt convinced that you was born to the Waitering. At this stage of your career, what was your feelings one day when your father came home to your mother in open broad daylight—of itself an act of Madness on the part of a Waiter—and took to his bed (leastwise, your mother and family's bed), with the statement that his eyes were deviled kidneys. Physicians being in vain, your father expired, after repeating at intervals for a day and a night, when dreams of reason and old business fitfully illuminated his being, "Two and two is five. And three is sixpence." Interred in the parochial department of the neighboring churchyard, and accompanied to the grave by as many Waiters of long standing as could spare the morning time from their soiled glasses (namely, one), your bereaved form was attired in a whiteneckankecher, and you was took on from motives of benevolence at The George and Gridiron, theatrical and supper. Here, supporting nature on what you found in the plates (which was as it happened, and but too often thoughtlessly immersed in mustard), and on what you found in the glasses (which rarely went beyond dribblets and lemon), by night you dropped asleep standing till you was cuffed awake, and by day was set to polishing every individual article in the coffee-room. Your couch being sawdust; your counterpane being ashes of cigars. Here, frequently hiding a heavy heart under the smart tie of your whiteneckankecher (or correctly speaking lower down and more to the left), you picked up the rudiments of knowledge from an extra, by the name of Bishops, and by calling plate-washer, and gradually elevating your mind with chalk on the back of the corner-box partition, until such time as you used the ink-stand when it was out of hand, attained to manhood and to be the Waiter that you find yourself.

I could wish here to offer a few respectful words on behalf of the calling so long the calling of myself and family, and the public interest in which is but too often very limited. We are not generally understood. No, we are not. Allowance enough is not made for us. For, say that we ever show a little drooping listlessness of spirits, or what might be termed indifference or apathy. Put it to yourself what would your own state of mind be if you was one of an enormous family every member of which except you was always greedy and in a hurry. Put it to yourself that you was regularly replete with animal food at the slack hours of one in the day and again at nine P.M., and that the repleter you was the more voracious all your fellow-creatures came in. Put it to yourself that it was your business, when your digestion was well on, to take a personal interest and sympathy in a hundred gentlemen fresh and fresh (say, for the sake of argument, only a hundred), whose imaginations was given up to grease and fat and gravy and melted butter, and abandoned to questioning you about cuts of this, and dishes of that—each of 'em going on as if him and you and the bill-of-fare was alone in the world. Then look what you are expected to know. You are never out, but they seem to think you regularly attend every where. "What's this, Christopher, that I hear about the smashed Excursion Train?" "How are they doing at the Italian Opera, Christopher?" "Christopher, what are the real particulars of this business at the Yorkshire Bank?" Similarly a ministry gives me more trouble than it gives the Queen. As to Lord Palmerston, the constant and wearing connection into which I have been brought with his lordship during the last few years is deserving of a pension. Then look at the Hypocrites we are made, and the lies (white, I hope) that are forced upon us! Why must a sedentary-pursuited Waiter be considered to be a judge of horse-flesh, and to have a most tremenjous interest in horse-training and racing? Yet it would be half our little incomes out of our pockets if we didn't take on to have those sporting tastes. It is the same (inconceivable why!) with Farming. Shooting, equally so. I am sure that so regular as the months of August, September, and October come round, I am ashamed of myself in my own private bosom for the way in which I make believe to care whether or not the grouse is strong on the wing (much their wings or drumsticks either signifies to me uncooked!), and whether the partridges is plentiful among the turnips, and whether the pheasants is shy or bold, or any thing else you please to mention. Yet you may see me, or any other Waiter of my standing, holding on by the back of the box and leaning over a gentleman with his purse out and his bill before him, discussing these points in a confidential tone of voice, as if my happiness in life entirely depended on 'em.

I have mentioned our little incomes. Look at the most unreasonable point of all, and the point on which the greatest injustice is done us! Whether it is owing to our always carrying so much change in our right-hand trowsers-pocket, and so many half-pence in our coat-tails, or whether it is human nature (which I were loathe to believe), what is meant by the everlasting fable that Head Waiters is rich? How did that fable get into circulation? Who first put it about, and what are the facts to establish the unblushing statement? Come forth, thou slanderer, and refer the public to the Waiter's will in Doctors' Commons supporting thy malignant hiss! Yet this is so commonly dwelt upon—especially by the screws who give Waiters the least—that denial is vain, and we are obliged, for our credit's sake, to carry our heads as if we were going into a business, when of the two we are much more likely to go into a union. There was formerly a screw as frequented the Slamjam ere yet the present writer had quitted that establishment on a question of tea-ing his assistant staff out of his own pocket, which screw carried the taunt to its bitterest heighth. Never soaring above threepence, and as often as not groveling on the earth a penny lower, he yet represented the present writer as a large holder of Consols, a lender of money on mortgage, a Capitalist. He has been overheard to dilate to other customers on the allegation that the present writer put out thousands of pounds at interest, in Distilleries and Breweries. "Well, Christopher," he would say (having groveled his lowest on the earth half a moment before), "looking out for a House to open, eh? Can't find a business to be disposed of on a scale as is up to your resources, humph?" To such a dizzy precipice of falsehood has this misrepresentation taken wing that the well-known and highly-respected OLD CHARLES, long eminent at the West Country Hotel, and by some considered the Father of the Waitering, found himself under the obligation to fall into it through so many years that his own wife (for he had an unbeknown old lady in that capacity toward himself) believed it! And what was the consequence? When he was borne to his grave on the shoulders of six picked Waiters, with six more for change, six more acting as pall-bearers, all keeping step in a pouring shower without a dry eye visible, and a concourse only inferior to Royalty, his pastry and lodgings was equally ransacked high and low for property and none was found! How could it be found, when, beyond his last monthly collection of walking-sticks, umbrellas, and pocket-handkerchiefs (which happened to have been not yet disposed of, though he had ever been through life punctual in clearing off his collections by the month), there was no property existing? Such, however, is the force of this universal libel that the widow of Old Charles, at the present hour an inmate of the Almshouses of the Cork-Cutters' Company, in Blue Anchor Road (identified sitting at the door of one of 'em, in a clean cap and a Windsor arm-chair, only last Monday), expects John's hoarded wealth to be found hourly! Nay, ere yet he had succumbed to the grisly dart, and when his portrait was painted in oils, life-size, by subscription of the frequenters of the West Country to hang over the coffee-room chimney-piece, there were not wanting those who contended that what is termed the accessories of such portrait ought to be the Bank of England out of window, and a strong-box on the table. And but for better-regulated minds contending for a bottle and screw and the attitude of drawing—and carrying their point—it would have been so handed down to posterity.

I am now brought to the title of the present remarks. Having, I hope without offense to any quarter, offered such observations as I felt it my duty to offer, in a free country which has ever dominated the seas, on the general subject, I will now proceed to wait on the particular question.

At a momentuous period of my life, when I was off, so far as concerned notice given, with a House that shall be nameless—for the question on which I took my departing stand was a fixed charge for Waiters, and no House as commits itself to that eminently Un-English act of more than foolishness and baseness shall be advertised by me—I repeat, at a momentuous crisis when I was off with a House too mean for mention, and not yet on with that to which I have ever since had the honor of being attached in the capacity of Head,[*] I was casting about what to do next. Then it were that proposals were made to me on behalf of my present establishment. Stipulations were necessary on my part, emendations were necessary on my part; in the end, ratifications ensued on both sides, and I entered on a new career.

We are a bed business, and a coffee-room business. We are not a general dining business, nor do we wish it. In consequence, when diners drop in, we know what to give 'em as will keep 'em away another time. We are a Private Room or Family business also; but Coffee Room principal. Me and the Directory and the Writing Materials and cetrer occupy a place to ourselves: a place fended off up a step or two at the end of the Coffee Room, in what I call the good old-fashioned style. The good old-fashioned style is, that whatever you you want, down to a wafer, you must be olely and solely dependent on the Head Waiter for. You must put yourself a new-born Child into his hands. There is no other way in which a business untinged with Continental Vice can be conducted. (It were bootless to add that if languages is required to be jabbered and English is not good enough, both families and gentlemen had better go somewhere else.)

When I began to settle down in this right-principled and well-conducted House I noticed under the bed in No. 24 B (which it is up a angle off the stair-case, and usually put off upon the lowly-minded) a heap of things in a corner. I asked our Head Chambermaid in the course of the day:

"What are them things in 24 B?"

To which she answered, with a careless air:

"Somebody's Luggage."

Regarding her with a eye not free from severity, I says:

"Whose Luggage?"

Evading my eye, she replied:

"Lor! How should *I* know?"

—Being, it may be right to mention, a female of some pertness, though acquainted with her business.

A Head Waiter must be either Head or Tail. He must be at one extremity or the other of the social scale. He can not be at the waist of it, or any where else but the extremities. It is for him to decide which of the extremities.

On the eventful occasion under consideration I give Mrs. Pratchett so distinctly to understand my decision that I broke her spirit as toward myself, then and there, and for good. Let not inconsistency be suspected on account of my mentioning Mrs. Pratchett as "Mrs.," and having formerly remarked that a waitress must not be married. Readers are respectfully requested to notice that Mrs. Pratchett was not a waitress, but a chambermaid. Now a chambermaid *may* be married: if Head, generally is married—or says so. It comes to the same thing as expressing what is customary. (N.B. Mr. Pratchett is in Australia, and his address there is "the Bush.")

Having took Mrs. Pratchett down as many pegs as was essential to the future happiness of all parties I requested her to explain herself.

"For instance," I says, to give her a little encouragement, "who is Somebody?"

"I give you my sacred honor, Mr. Christopher," answers Pratchett, "that I haven't the faintest notion."

But for the manner in which she settled her cap-strings I should have doubted this; but in respect of positiveness it was hardly to be discriminated from an affidavit.

"Then you never saw him?" I followed her up with.

"Nor yet," said Mrs. Pratchett, shutting her eyes and making as if she had just took a pill of unusual circumference—which gave a remarkable force to her denial—"nor yet any servant in this house. All have been changed, Mr. Christopher, within five year, and Somebody left his Luggage here before then."

Inquiry of Miss Martin yielded (in the language of the Bard of A 1) "confirmation strong." So it had really and truly happened. Miss Martin is the young lady at the bar as makes out our bills; and though higher than I could wish, considering her station, is perfectly well behaved.

Further investigations led to the disclosure that there was a bill against this Luggage to the amount of two sixteen six. The Luggage had been lying under the bedstead in 24 B over six year. The bedstead is a four-poster, with a deal of old hanging and vallance, and is, as I once said, probably connected with more than 24 Bs—which I remember my hearers was pleased to laugh at at the time.

I don't know why—when DO we know why?—but this Luggage laid heavy on my mind. I fell a wondering about Somebody, and what he had got and been up to. I couldn't satisfy my thoughts why he should leave so much Luggage against so small a bill. For I had the Luggage out within a day or two and turned it over, and the following were the items: A black portmanteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick. It was all very dusty and fluey. I had our porter up to get under the bed and fetch it out; and though he habitually wallows in dust—swims in it from morning to night, and wears a close-fitting waistcoat with black calimanco sleeves for the purpose—it made him sneeze again, and the throat was that hot with it that it was obliged to be cooled with a drink of Allsopp's draft.

The Luggage so got the better of me that instead of having it put back when it was well dusted and washed with a wet cloth—previous to which it was so covered with feathers that you might have thought it was turning into poultry, and would by-and-by begin to Lay—I say, instead of having it put back I had it carried into one of my places down stairs. There from time to time I stared at it and stared at it till it seemed to grow big and grow little, and come forward at me and retreat again, and go through all manner of performances resembling intoxication. When this had lasted weeks—I may say months, and not be far out—I one day thought of asking Miss Martin for the particulars of the Two sixteen six total. She was so obliging as to extract it from the books—it dating before her time—and here follows a true copy:

1856.	No. 4.			
February 2d.	Pen and paper	£0	0	6
	Port Negus	0	2	0
	Ditto	0	2	0
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Tumbler broken	0	2	6
	Brandy	0	2	0
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Anchovy toast	0	2	6
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Bed	0	3	0
February 3d.	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Breakfast	0	2	6
	" Broiled ham	0	2	0
	" Eggs	0	1	0
	" Watercresses	0	1	0
	" Shrimps	0	1	0
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Blotting-paper	0	0	6
	Messenger to Paternoster-row and back	0	1	6
	Again, when No Answer	0	1	6
	Brandy 2s., Deviled Pork chop 2s.	0	4	0
	Pens and paper	0	1	0
	Messenger to Albemarle Street and back	0	1	0
	Again (detained), when No Answer	0	1	6
	Saltcellar broken	0	3	6
	Large Liqueur-glass Orange Brandy	0	1	6
	Dinner: Soup, Fish, Joint, and bird	0	7	6
	Bottle old East India Brown	0	8	0
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
		£2	16	6

Mem.: January 1, 1857. He went out after dinner, directing Luggage to be ready when he called for it. Never called.

So far from throwing a light upon the subject, this bill appeared to me, if I may so express my doubts, to involve it in a yet more lurid halo. Speculating it over with the Mistress, she informed me that the luggage had been advertised in the Master's time as being to be sold after such and such a day to pay expenses, but no further steps had been taken. (I may here remark that the Mistress is a widow in her fourth year. The Master was possessed of one of those unfortunate constitutions in which Spirits turns to Water, and rises in the ill-starred Victim.)

My speculating it over, not then only but repeatedly, sometimes with the Mistress, sometimes with one, sometimes with another, led up to the Mistress's saying to me—whether at first in joke or in earnest, or half joke and half earnest, it matters not:

"Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer."

(If this should meet her eye—a lovely blue—may she not take it ill my mentioning that if I had been eight or ten year younger, I would have done as much by her! That is, I would have made her *a* offer. It is for others than me to denominate it a handsome one.)

"Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer."

"Put a name to it, ma'am."

"Look here, Christopher. Run over the articles of Somebody's Luggage. You've got it all by heart, I know."

"A black portmanteau, ma'am, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick."

"All just as they were left. Nothing opened, nothing tampered with."

"You are right, ma'am. All locked but the brown-paper parcel, and that sealed."

The Mistress was leaning on Miss Martin's desk at the bar-window, and she taps the open book that lays upon the desk—she has a pretty-made hand, to be sure—and bobs her head over it, and laughs.

"Come," says she, "Christopher. Pay me Somebody's bill, and you shall have Somebody's luggage."

I rather took to the idea from the first moment; but,

"It mayn't be worth the money," I objected, seeming to hold back.

"That's a Lottery," says the Mistress, folding her arms upon the book—it ain't her hands alone that's pretty made: the observation extends right up her arms—"Won't you venture two pound sixteen shillings and sixpence in the Lottery? Why, there's no blanks!" says the Mistress, laughing and bobbing her head again, "you *must* win. If you lose, you must win! All prizes in this Lottery! Draw a blank, and remember, Gentleman-Sportsmen, you'll still be entitled to a black portmanteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a sheet of brown paper, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick!"

To make short of it, Miss Martin come round me, and Mrs. Pratchett come round me, and the Mistress she was completely round me already, and all the women in the house come round me, and if it had been Sixteen two instead of Two sixteen, I should have thought myself well out of it. For what can you do when they do come round you?

So I paid the money—down—and such a laughing as there was among 'em! But I turned the tables on 'em regularly, when I said:

"My family-name is Blue Beard. I'm going to open Somebody's Luggage all alone in the Secret Chamber, and not a female eye catches sight of the contents!"

Whether I thought proper to have the firmness to keep to this don't signify, or whether any female eye, and if any how many, was really present when the opening of the Luggage came off. Somebody's Luggage is the question at present: Nobody's eyes, nor yet noses.

What I still look at most, in connection with that Luggage, is the extraordinary quantity of writing-paper, and all written on! And not our paper neither—not the paper charged in the bill, for we know our paper—so he must have been a ways at it. And he had crumpled up this writin of his every where, in every part and parcel of h luggage. There was writing in his dressing-cas writing in his boots, writing among his shavin tackle, writing in his hat-box, writing folded aw down among the very whalebones of his umbrell

His clothes wasn't bad, what there was of 'em. His dressing-case was poor—not a particle of silve stopper—bottle apertures with nothing in 'em, lik empty little dog-kennels—and a most searching de scription of tooth-powder diffusing itself around, a under a deluded mistake that all the chinks in th fittings was divisions in teeth. His clothes I parte with, well enough, to a second-hand dealer not far from St. Clement's Danes, in the Strand—him as the officers in the Army mostly dispose of their uniforms to, when hard pressed with debts of honor, or, if I may judge from their coats and epaulettes diversifying the window, with their backs toward the public. The same party bought in one lot the portmanteau, the bag, the desk, the dressing-case, the hat-box, the umbrella, strap, and walking-stick. On my remarking that I should have thought those articles not quite in his line, he said: "No more ith a man'th grandmother, Mithter Chrithtopher; but if any man will bring hith grandmother here, and offer her at a fair trifle below what the'll feth with good luck when the'th thcoured and turned —I'll buy her!"

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[*] Its name and address at length, with other full particulars, all editorially struck out.

These transactions brought me home, and, indeed, more than home, for they left a goodish profit on the original investment. And now there remained the writings; and the writings I particular wish to bring under the candid attention of the reader.

I wish to do so without postponement, for this reason. That is to say, namely, viz., i.e., as follows, thus: Before I proceed to recount the mental sufferings of which I became the prey in consequence of the writings, and before following up that harrowing tale with a statement of the wonderful and impressive catastrophe, as thrilling in its nature as unlooked for in any other capacity, which crowned the ole and filled the cup of unexpectedness to overflowing, the writings themselves ought to stand forth to view. Therefore it is that they now come next. One word to introduce them, and I lay down my pen (I hope, my unassuming pen), until I take it up to trace the gloomy sequel of a mind with something on it.

He was a smeary writer, and wrote a dreadful bad hand. Utterly regardless of ink, he lavished it on every undeserving object—on his clothes, his desk, his hat, the handle of his tooth-brush, his umbrella. Ink was found freely on the coffee-room carpet by No. 4 table, and two blots was on his restless couch. A reference to the document I have given entire, will show that on the morning of the third of February, eighteen 'fifty-six, he procured his no less than fifth pen and paper. To whatever deplorable act of ungovernable composition he immolated those materials obtained from the bar, there is no doubt that the fatal deed was committed in bed, and that it left its evidences but too plainly, long afterward, upon the pillow-case.

He had put no Heading to any of his writings. Alas! Was he likely to have a Heading without a Head, and where was *his* Head when he took such things into it! The writings are consequently called, here, by the names of the articles of Luggage to which they was found attached. In some cases, such as his Boots, he would appear to have hid the writings: thereby involving his style in greater obscurity. But his Boots was at least pairs —and no two of his writings can put in any claim to be so regarded.

With a low-spirited anticipation of the gloomy state of mind in which it will be my lot to describe myself as having drooped, when I next resume my artless narrative, I will now withdraw. If there should be any flaw in the writings, or any thing missing in the writings, it is Him as is responsible —not me. With that observation in justice to myself, I for the present conclude.

HIS BOOTS.

"EH! well then, Monsieur Mutuel! What do I know, what can I say? I assure you that he calls himself Monsieur The Englishman."

"Pardon. But I think it is impossible," said Monsieur Mutuel.—A spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman in carpet shoes and a cloth cap with a peaked shade, a loose blue frock-coat reaching to his heels, a large limp white shirt-frill, and cravat to correspond, that is to say, white was the natural color of his linen on Sundays, but it toned down with the week.

"It is," repeated Monsieur Mutuel: his amiable old walnut-shell countenance, very walnut-shelly indeed as he smiled and blinked in the bright morning sunlight—"it is, my cherished Madame Bouclet, I think, impossible."

"Hey!" (with a little vexed cry and a great many tosses of her head.) "But it is not impossible that you are a Pig!" retorted Madame Bouclet: a compact little woman of thirty-five or so. "See then—look there—read! 'On the second floor Monsieur L'Anglais.' Is it not so?"

"It is so," said Monsieur Mutuel.

"Good. Continue your morning walk. Get out!" Madame Bouclet dismissed him with a lively snap of her fingers.

The morning walk of Monsieur Mutuel was in the brightest patch that the sun made in the Grande Place of a dull old fortified French town. The manner of his morning walk was with his hands crossed behind him: an umbrella, in figure the express image of himself, always in one hand: a snuff-box in the other. Thus, with the shuffling gait of the Elephant (who really does deal with the very worst trowsers-maker employed by the Zoological world, and who appeared to have recommended him to Monsieur Mutuel), the old gentleman sunned himself daily when sun was to be had—of course, at the same time sunning a red ribbon at his button-hole; for was he not an ancient Frenchman?

Being told by one of the angelic sex to continue his morning walk and get out, Monsieur Mutuel laughed a walnut-shell laugh, pulled off his cap at arm's-length with the hand that contained his snuff-box, kept it off for a considerable period after he had parted from Madame Bouclet, and continued his morning walk and got out: like a man of gallantry as he was.

The documentary evidence to which Madame Bouclet had referred Monsieur Mutuel was the list of her lodgers, sweetly written forth by her own Nephew and Book-keeper, who held the pen of an Angel, and posted up at the side of her gateway for the information of the Police. "Au second, M. L'Anglais, Proprietaire." On the second floor, Mr. The Englishman, man of property. So it stood; nothing could be plainer.

Madame Bouclet now traced the line with her forefinger, as it were to confirm and settle herself in her parting snap at Monsieur Mutuel, and so, placing her right hand on her hip with a defiant air, as if nothing should ever tempt her to unsnap that snap, strolled out into the Place to glance up at the windows of Mr. The Englishman. That worthy happening to be looking out of window at the moment, Madame Bouclet gave him a graceful salutation with her head, looked to the right and looked to the left to account to him for her being there, considered for a moment like one who accounted to herself for somebody she had expected not being there, and re-entered her own gateway. Madame Bouclet let all her house giving on the Place in furnished flats or floors, and lived up the yard behind, in company with Monsieur Bouclet her husband (great at billiards), an inherited brewing business, several fowls, two carts, a nephew, a little dog in a big kennel, a grape-vine, a counting-house, four horses, a married sister (with a share in the brewing business), the husband and two children of the married sister, a parrot, a drum (performed on by the little boy of the married sister), two billeted soldiers, a quantity of pigeons, a fife (played by the nephew in a ravishing manner), several domestics and supernumeraries, a perpetual flavor of coffee and soup, a terrific range of artificial rocks and wooden precipices at least four feet high, a small fountain, and half a dozen large sunflowers.

Now, the Englishman in taking his Appartement —or, as one might say on our side of the Channel, his set of chambers—had given his name, correct to the letter, LANGLEY. But as he had a British way of not opening his mouth very wide on foreign soil, except at meals, the Brewery had been able to make nothing of it but L'Anglais. So, Mr. The Englishman he had become and he remained.

"Never saw such a people!" muttered Mr. The Englishman, as he now looked out of window. "Never did, in my life!"

This was true enough, for he had never before been out of his own country—a right little island, a tight little island, a bright little island, a show-fight little island, and full of merit of all sorts; but not the whole round world.

"These chaps," said Mr. The Englishman to himself, as his eye rolled over the Place, sprinkled with military here and there, "are no more like soldiers—!" Nothing being sufficiently strong for the end of his sentence, he left it unended.

This again (from the point of view of his experience) was strictly correct; for, though there was a great agglomeration of soldiers in the town and neighboring country, you might have held a grand Review and Field Day of them every one, and looked in vain among them all for a soldier choking behind his foolish stock, or a soldier lamed by his ill-fitting shoes, or a soldier deprived of the use of his limbs by straps and buttons, or a soldier elaborately forced to be self-helpless in all the small affairs of life. A swarm of brisk bright active bustling handy odd skirmishing fellows, able to turn to cleverly at any thing, from a siege to soup, from great guns to needles and thread, from the broadsword exercise to slicing an onion, from making war to making omelets, was all you would have found.

What a swarm! From the Great Place under the eye of Mr. The Englishman, where a few awkward squads from the last conscription were doing the goose-step—some members of those squads still as to their bodies in the chrysalis peasant-state of Blouse, and only military butterflies as to their regimentally-clothed legs—from the Great Place, away outside the fortifications and away for miles along the dusty roads, soldiers swarmed. All day long, upon the grass-grown ramparts of the town, practicing soldiers trumpeted and bugled; all day long, down in angles of dry trenches, practicing soldiers drummed and drummed. Every forenoon, soldiers burst out of the great barracks into the sandy gymnasium-ground hard by, and flew over the wooden horse, and hung on to flying ropes, and dangled upside-down between parallel bars, and shot themselves off wooden platforms, splashes, sparks, coruscations, showers, of soldiers. At every corner of the town wall, every guard-house, every gateway, every sentry-box, every draw-bridge, every reedy ditch and rushy dyke, soldiers soldiers soldiers. And the town being pretty well all wall, guard-house, gateway, sentry-box, draw-bridge, reedy ditch and rushy dyke, the town was pretty well all soldiers.

What would the sleepy old town have been without the soldiers, seeing that even with them it had so overslept itself as to have slept its echoes hoarse, its defensive bars and locks and bolts and chains all rusty, and its ditches stagnant! From the days when VAUBAN engineered it to that perplexing extent that to look at it was like being knocked on the head with it: the stranger becoming stunned and stertorous under the shock of its incomprehensibility—from the days when VAUBAN made it the express incorporation of every substantive and adjective in the art of military engineering, and not only twisted you into it and twisted you out of it, to the right, to the left, opposite, under here, over there, in the dark, in the dirt, by gateway, archway, covered way, dry way, wet way, fosse, portcullis, draw-bridge, sluice, squat tower, pierced wall, and heavy battery, but likewise took a fortifying dive under the neighboring country, and came to the surface three or four miles off, blowing out incomprehensible mounds and batteries among the quiet crops of chicory and beet-root—from those days to these the town had been asleep, and dust and rust and must had settled on its drowsy Arsenals and Magazines, and grass had grown up in its silent streets.

On market-days alone its Great Place suddenly leaped out of bed. On market-days, some friendly enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place, and instantly arose the liveliest booths and stalls and sittings and standings, and a pleasant hum of chaffering and huckstering from many hundreds of tongues, and a pleasant though peculiar blending of colors—white caps, blue blouses, and green vegetables—and at last the Knight destined for the adventure seemed to have come in earnest, and all the Vaubanois sprang up awake. And now, by long low-lying avenues of trees, jolting in white-hooded donkey-cart, and on donkey-back, and in tumbril and wagon and cart and cabriolet, and a-foot with barrow and burden—and along the dykes and ditches and canals, in little peak-prowed country boats—came peasant men and women in flocks and crowds, bringing articles for sale. And here you had boots and shoes and sweetmeats and stuffs to wear, and here (in the cool shade of the Town Hall) you had milk and cream and butter and cheese, and here you had fruits and onions and carrots and all things needful for your soup, and here you had poultry and flowers and protesting pigs, and here new shovels axes spades and bill-hooks for your farming work, and here huge mounds of bread, and here your unground grain in sacks, and here your children's dolls, and here the cake-seller announcing his wares by beat and roll of drum. And hark! fanfaronade of trumpets, and here into the Great Place, resplendent in an open carriage with four gorgeously-attired servitors up behind, playing horns drums and cymbals, rolled "the Daughter of a Physician" in massive golden chains and ear-rings, and blue-feathered hat, shaded from the admiring sun by two immense umbrellas of artificial roses, to dispense (from motives of philanthropy) that small and pleasant dose which had cured so many thousands! Toothache earache headache heartache stomachache debility nervousness fits faintings fever ague, all equally cured by the small and pleasant dose of the great Physician's great daughter! The process was this: she, the Daughter of a Physician, proprietress of the superb equipage you now admired, with its confirmatory blasts of trumpet drum and cymbal, told you so:—On the first day, after taking the small and pleasant dose, you would feel no particular influence beyond a most harmonious sensation of indescribable and irresistible joy; on the second day, you would be so astonishingly better that you would think yourself changed into somebody else; on the third day, you would be entirely free from your disorder, whatever its nature and however long you had had it, and would seek out the Physician's daughter, to throw yourself at her feet, kiss the hem of her garment, and buy as many more of the small and pleasant doses as by the sale of all your few effects you could obtain; but she would be inaccessible—gone for herbs to the Pyramids of Egypt—and you would be (though cured) reduced to despair! Thus would the Physician's daughter drive her trade (and briskly too), and thus would the buying and selling and mingling of tongues and colors continue until the changing sunlight, leaving the Physician's Daughter in the shadow of high roofs, admonished her to jolt out westward, with a departing effect of gleam and glitter on the splendid equipage and brazen blast. And now the enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place once more, and down went the booths the sittings and standings, and vanished the merchandise, and with it the barrows donkeys donkey-carts and tumbrils and all other things on wheels and feet, except the slow scavengers with unwieldy carts and meagre horses, clearing up the rubbish, assisted by the sleek town pigeons, better plumped out than on non-market days. While there was yet an hour or two to wane before the autumn sunset the loiterer outside town-gate and draw-bridge and postern and double-ditch, would see the last white-hooded cart lessening in the avenue of lengthening shadows of trees, or the last country boat, paddled by the last market-woman on her way home, showing black upon the reddening long low narrow dyke between him and the mill; and as the paddle-parted scum and weed closed over the boat's track, he might be comfortably sure that its sluggish rest would be troubled no more until next market-day.

As it was not one of the Great Place's days for getting out of bed when Mr. The Englishman looked down at the young soldiers practicing the goose-step there, his mind was left at liberty to take a military turn.

"These fellows are billeted every where about," said he, "and to see them lighting the people's fires, boiling the people's pots, minding the people's babies, rocking the people's cradles, washing the people's greens, and making themselves generally useful, in every sort of unmilitary way, is most ridiculous!—Never saw such a set of fellows; never did in my life!"

All perfectly true again. Was there not Private Valentine, in that very house, acting as sole housemaid, valet, cook, steward, and nurse, in the family of his captain, Monsieur le Capitaine De la Cour —cleaning the floors, making the beds, doing the marketing, dressing the captain, dressing the dinners, dressing the salads, and dressing the baby, all with equal readiness? Or, to put him aside, he being in loyal attendance on his Chief, was there not Private Hyppolite, billeted at the Perfumer's two hundred yards off, who, when not on duty, volunteered to keep shop while the fair Perfumeress stepped out to speak to a neighbor or so, and laughingly sold soap with his war sword girded on him? Was there not Emile, billeted at the Clockmaker's, perpetually turning to of an evening with his coat off, winding up the stock? Was there not Eugène, billeted at the Tinman's, cultivating, pipe in mouth, a garden four feet square for the tinman, in the little court behind the shop, and extorting the fruits of the earth from the same, on his knees, with the sweat of his brow? Not to multiply examples, was there not Baptiste, billeted on the poor Water-Carrier, at that very instant sitting on the pavement in the sunlight, with his martial legs asunder, and one of the Water-Carrier's spare pails between them, which (to the delight and glory of the heart of the Water-Carrier coming across the Place from the fountain, yoked and burdened) he was painting bright green outside and bright red within? Or, to go no further than the Barber's at the very next door, was there not Corporal Théophile—

"No," said Mr. The Englishman, glancing down at the Barber's, "he is not there at present. There's the child though."

A mere mite of a girl stood on the steps of the Barber's shop, looking across the Place. A mere baby, one might call her, dressed in the close white linen cap which small French country-children wear (like the Children in Dutch pictures), and in a frock of homespun blue, that had no shape except where it was tied round her little fat throat. So that, being naturally short and round all over, she looked behind as if she had been cut off at her natural waist, and had had her head neatly fitted on it.

"There's the child though."

To judge from the way in which the dimpled hand was rubbing the eyes, the eyes had been closed in a nap and were newly opened. But they seemed to be looking so intently across the Place, that the Englishman looked in the same direction.

"Oh!" said he, presently, "I thought as much. The Corporal's there."

The Corporal, a smart figure of a man of thirty: perhaps a thought under the middle size, but very neatly made—a sun-burnt Corporal with a brown-peaked beard—faced about at the moment, addressing voluble words of instruction to the squad in hand. Nothing was amiss or awry about the Corporal. A lithe and nimble Corporal, quite complete, from the sparkling dark eyes under his knowing uniform cap, to his sparkling white gaiters. The very image and presentment of a Corporal of his country's army, in the line of his shoulders, the line of his waist, the broadest line of his Bloomer trowsers, and their narrowest line at the calf of his leg.

Mr. The Englishman looked on, and the child looked on, and the Corporal looked on (but the last-named at his men), until the drill ended a few minutes afterward and the military sprinkling dried up directly and was gone. Then said Mr. The Englishman to himself, "Look here! By George!" And the Corporal, dancing toward the Barber's with his arms wide open, caught up the child, held her over his head in a flying attitude, caught her down again, kissed her, and made off with her into the Barber's house.

Now, Mr. The Englishman had had a quarrel with his erring and disobedient and disowned daughter, and there was a child in that case too. Had not his daughter been a child, and had she not taken angel-flights above his head as this child had flown above the Corporal's?

"He's a"—National Participled—"fool!" said the Englishman. And shut his window.

But the windows of the house of Memory, and the windows of the house of Mercy, are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood. They fly open unexpectedly; they rattle in the night; they must be nailed up. Mr. The Englishman had tried nailing them, but had not driven the nails quite home. So he passed but a disturbed evening and a worse night.

By nature a good-tempered man? No; very little gentleness, confounding the quality with weakness. Fierce and wrathful when crossed? Very, and stupendously unreasonable. Moody? Exceedingly so. Vindictive? Well; he *had* had scowling thoughts that he would formally curse his daughter, as he had seen it done on the stage. But remembering that the real Heaven is some paces removed from the mock one in the great chandelier of the Theatre, he had given that up.

And he had come abroad to be rid of his repudiated daughter for the rest of his life. And here he was.

At bottom, it was for this reason more than for any other that Mr. The Englishman took it extremely ill that Corporal Théophile should be so devoted to little Bebelle, the child at the Barber's shop. In an unlucky moment he had chanced to say to himself, "Why, confound the fellow, he is not her father!" There was a sharp sting in the speech which ran into him suddenly and put him in a worse mood. So he had National Participled the unconscious Corporal with most hearty emphasis, and had made up his mind to think no more about such a mountebank.

But it came to pass that the Corporal was not to be dismissed. If he had known the most delicate fibres of the Englishman's mind, instead of nothing knowing on earth about him, and if he had been the most obstinate Corporal in the Grand Army of France instead of being the most obliging, he could not have planted himself with more determined immovability plump in the midst of all the Englishman's thoughts. Not only so, but he seemed to be always in his view. Mr. The Englishman had but to look out of window to look upon the Corporal with Little Bebelle. He had but to go for a walk, and there was the Corporal walking with Bebelle. He had but to come home again disgusted, and the Corporal and Bebelle were at home before him. If he looked out at his back windows early in the morning, the Corporal was in the Barber's back-yard, washing and dressing and brushing Bebelle. If he took refuge at his front windows, the Corporal brought his breakfast out into the Place and shared it there with Bebelle. Always Corporal and always Bebelle. Never Corporal without Bebelle. Never Bebelle without Corporal.

Mr. The Englishman was not particularly strong in the French language as a means of oral communication, though he read it very well. It is with languages as with people—when you only know them by sight, you are apt to mistake them; you must be on speaking terms before you can be said to have established an acquaintance.

For this reason Mr. The Englishman had to gird up his loins considerably before he could bring himself to the point of exchanging ideas with Madame Bouclet on the subject of this Corporal and this Bebelle. But Madame Bouclet looking in apologetically one morning to remark, that O Heaven she was in a state of desolation because the lampmaker had not sent home that lamp confided to him to repair, but that truly he was a lampmaker against whom the whole world shrieked out, Mr. The Englishman seized the occasion.

"Madame, that baby—"

"Pardon, monsieur. That lamp."

"No, no, that little girl."

"But pardon!" said Madame Bouclet, angling for a clew; "one can not light a little girl, or send her to be repaired?"

"The little girl—at the house of the barber."

"Ah-h-h!" cried Madame Bouclet, suddenly catching the idea with her delicate little line and rod. "Little Bebelle? Yes, yes, yes! And her friend the Corporal? Yes, yes, yes, yes! So genteel of him; is it not?"

"He is not—?"

"Not at all; not at all! He is not one of her relations. Not at all!"

"Why then, he—"

"Perfectly!" cried Madame Bouclet, "you are right, monsieur. It is so genteel of him. The less relation the more genteel. As you say."

"Is she—?"

"The child of the barber?" Madame Bouclet whisked up her skillful little line and rod again. "Not at all, not at all! She is the child of—; in a word, of no one."

"The wife of the barber then—?"

"Indubitably. As you say. The wife of the barber receives a small stipend to take care of her. So much by the month. Eh, then! It is without doubt very little, for we are all poor here."

"You are not poor, madame."

"As to my lodgers," replied Madame Bouclet, with a smiling and a gracious bend of her head, "no. As to all things else, so-so."

"You flatter me, madame."

"Monsieur, it is you who flatter me in living here."

Certain fishy gasps on Mr. The Englishman's part, denoting that he was about to resume his subject under difficulties, Madame Bouclet observed him closely, and whisked up her delicate line and rod again with triumphant success.

"Oh no, monsieur, certainly not. The wife of the barber is not cruel to the poor child, but she is careless. Her health is delicate, and she sits all day looking out at window. Consequently, when the Corporal first came, the poor little Bebelle was much neglected."

"It is a curious—" began Mr. The Englishman.

"Name? That Bebelle? Again you are right, monsieur. But it is a playful name for Gabrielle."

"And so the child is a mere fancy of the Corporal's?" said Mr. The Englishman, in a gruffly disparaging tone of voice.

"Eh well!" returned Madame Bouclet, with a pleading shrug: "one must love something. Human nature is weak."

("Devilish weak," muttered the Englishman in his own language.)

"And the Corporal," pursued Madame Bouclet, "being billeted at the barber's—where he will probably remain a long time, for he is attached to the General—and finding the poor unowned child in need of being loved, and finding himself in need of loving—why, there you have it all, you see!"

Mr. The Englishman accepted this interpretation of the matter with an indifferent grace, and observed to himself, in an injured manner, when he was again alone: "I shouldn't mind it so much if these people were not such a"—National Participled—"sentimental people!"

There was a Cemetery outside the town, and it happened ill for the reputation of the Vaubanois in this sentimental connection that he took a walk there that same afternoon. To be sure there were some wonderful things in it (from the Englishman's point of view), and of a certainty in all Britain you would have found nothing like it. Not to mention the fanciful flourishes of hearts and crosses, in wood and iron, that were planted all over the place, making it look very like a Firework-ground where a most splendid pyrotechnic display might be expected after dark, there were so many wreaths upon the graves, embroidered, as it might be, "To my mother," "To my daughter," "To my father," "To my brother," "To my sister," "To my friend," and those many wreaths were in so many stages of elaboration and decay, from the wreath of yesterday all fresh color and bright beads, to the wreath of last year, a poor mouldering wisp of straw! There were so many little gardens and grottoes made upon graves, in so many tastes, with plants and shells and plaster figures and porcelain pitchers, and so many odds and ends! There were so many tributes of remembrance hanging up, not to be discriminated by the closest inspection from little round waiters, whereon were depicted in glowing hues either a lady or a gentleman with a white pocket-handkerchief out of all proportion, leaning, in a state of the most faultless mourning and most profound affliction, on the most architectural and gorgeous urn! There were so many surviving wives who had put their names on the tombs of their deceased husbands with a blank for the date of their own departure from this weary world; and there were so many surviving husbands who had rendered the same homage to their deceased wives; and out of the number there must have been so many who had long ago married again! In fine, there was so much in the place that would have seemed mere frippery to a stranger, save for the consideration that the lightest paper-flower that lay upon the poorest heap of earth was never touched by a rude hand, but perished there, a sacred thing.

"Nothing of the solemnity of Death here," Mr. The Englishman had been going to say; when this last consideration touched him with a mild appeal, and on the whole he walked out without saying it. "But these people are," he insisted, by way of compensation when he was well outside the gate, "they are so," Participled, "sentimental!"

His way back lay by the military gymnasium-ground. And there he passed the Corporal glibly instructing young soldiers how to swing themselves over rapid and deep water-courses on their way to Glory by means of a rope, and himself deftly plunging off a platform and flying a hundred feet or two as an encouragement to them to begin. And there he also passed, perched on a crowning eminence (probably by the Corporal's careful hands), the small Bebelle, with her round eyes wide open, surveying the proceeding like a wondering sort of blue and white bird.

"If that child was to die"—this was his reflection as he turned his back and went his way—"and it would almost serve the fellow right for making such a fool of himself—I suppose we should have *him* sticking up a wreath and a waiter in that fantastic burying-ground."

Nevertheless, after another early morning or two of looking out of window, he strolled down into the Place, when the Corporal and Bebelle were walking there, and touching his hat to the Corporal (an immense achievement) wished him Good-Day.

"Good-day, Monsieur."

"This is a rather pretty child you have here," said Mr. The Englishman, taking her chin in his hand, and looking down into her astonished blue eyes.

"Monsieur, she is a very pretty child," returned the Corporal, with a stress on his polite correction of the phrase.

"And good?" said The Englishman.

"And very good. Poor little thing!"

"Hah!" The Englishman stooped down and patted her cheek, not without awkwardness, as if he were going too far in his conciliation. "And what is this medal round your neck, my little one?"

Bebelle having no other reply on her lips than her chubby right fist, the Corporal offered his services as interpreter.

"Monsieur demands, what is this, Bebelle?"

"It is the Holy Virgin," said Bebelle.

"And who gave it you?" asked The Englishman.

"Théophile."

"And who is Théophile?"

Bebelle broke into a laugh, laughed merrily and heartily, clapped her chubby hands, and beat her little feet on the stone pavement of the Place.

"He doesn't know Théophile! Why he doesn't know any one! He doesn't know any thing!" Then, sensible of a small solecism in her manners, Bebelle twisted her right hand in a leg of the Corporal's Bloomer trowsers, and laying her cheek against the place, kissed it.

"Monsieur Théophile, I believe?" said The Englishman to the Corporal.

"It is I, Monsieur."

"Permit me." Mr. The Englishman shook him heartily by the hand and turned away. But he took it mighty ill that old Monsieur Mutuel, in his patch of sunlight, upon whom he came as he turned, should pull off his cap to him with a look of pleased approval. And he muttered, in his own tongue, as he returned the salutation, "Well, walnut-shell! And what business is it of *yours?*"

Mr. The Englishman went on for many weeks passing but disturbed evenings and worse nights, and constantly experiencing that those aforesaid windows in the houses of Memory and Mercy rattled after dark, and that he had very imperfectly nailed them up. Likewise, he went on for many weeks daily improving the acquaintance of the Corporal and Bebelle. That is to say, he took Bebelle by the chin and the Corporal by the hand, and offered Bebelle sous and the Corporal cigars, and even got the length of changing pipes with the Corporal and kissing Bebelle. But he did it all in a shamefaced way, and always took it extremely ill that Monsieur Mutuel in his patch of sunlight should note what he did. Whenever that seemed to be the case he always growled, in his own tongue, "There you are again, walnut-shell! What business is it of *yours?*"

In a word, it had become the occupation of Mr. The Englishman's life to look after the Corporal and little Bebelle, and to resent old Monsieur Mutuel's looking after *him*. An occupation only varied by a fire in the town one windy night, and much passing of water-buckets from hand to hand (in which the Englishman rendered good service), and much beating of drums, when all of a sudden the Corporal disappeared.

Next, all of a sudden, Bebelle disappeared.

She had been visible a few days later than the Corporal—sadly deteriorated as to washing and brushing—but she had not spoken when addressed by Mr. The Englishman, and had looked scared and had run away. And now it would seem that she had run away for good. And there lay the Great Place under the windows, bare and barren.

In his shamefaced and constrained way Mr. The Englishman asked no question of any one, but watched from his front windows, and watched from his back windows, and lingered about the Place, and peeped in at the Barber's shop, and did all this and much more with a whistling and tune-humming pretense of not missing any thing, until one afternoon, when Monsieur Mutuel's patch of sunlight was in shadow, and when, according to all rule and precedent, he had no right whatever to bring his red ribbon out of doors, behold here he was, advancing, with his cap already in his hand, twelve paces off!

Mr. The Englishman had got as far into his usual objurgation as "What bu—si—" when he checked himself.

"Ah, it is sad, it is sad! Helas, it is unhappy, it is sad!" Thus old Monsieur Mutuel, shaking his gray head.

"What busin—at least, I would say, what do you mean, Monsieur Mutuel?"

"Our Corporal. Helas, our dear Corporal!"

"What has happened to him?"

"You have not heard?"

"No."

"At the fire. But he was so brave, so ready. Ah, too brave, too ready!"

"May the devil carry you away!" the Englishman broke in, impatiently; "I beg your pardon—I mean me—I am not accustomed to speak French—go on, will you?"

"And a falling beam—"

"Good God!" exclaimed The Englishman. "It was a private soldier who was killed?"

"No. A Corporal, the same Corporal, our dear Corporal. Beloved by all his comrades. The funeral ceremony was touching—penetrating. Monsieur The Englishman, your eyes fill with tears."

"What bu—si—"

"Monsieur The Englishman, I honor those emotions. I salute you with profound respect. I will not obtrude myself upon your noble heart."

Monsieur Mutuel, a gentleman in every thread of his cloudy linen, under whose wrinkled hand every grain in the quarter of an ounce of poor snuff in his poor little tin box became a gentleman's property—Monsieur Mutuel passed on with his cap in his hand.

"I little thought," said The Englishman, after walking for several minutes, and more than once blowing his nose, "when I was looking round that Cemetery—I'll go there!"

Straight he went there; and when he came within the gate he paused, considering whether he should ask at the lodge for some direction to the grave. But he was less than ever in a mood for asking questions, and he thought, "I shall see something on it to know it by."

In search of the Corporal's grave, he went softly on, up this walk and down that, peering in among the crosses, and hearts, and columns, and obelisks, and tombstones for a recently disturbed spot. It troubled him now to think how many dead there were in the cemetery—he had not thought them a tenth part so numerous before—and after he had walked and sought for some time he said to himself, as he struck down a new vista of tombs, "I might suppose that every one was dead but I."

Not every one. A live child was lying on the ground asleep. Truly he had found something on the Corporal's grave to know it by, and the something was Bebelle.

With such a loving will had the dead soldier's comrades worked at his resting-place that it was already a neat garden. On the green turf of the garden Bebelle lay sleeping, with her cheek touching it. A plain unpainted little wooden Cross was planted in the turf, and her short arm embraced this little Cross, as it had many a time embraced the Corporal's neck. They had put a tiny flag (the flag of France) at his head, and a laurel garland.

Mr. The Englishman took off his hat, and stood for a while silent. Then covering his head again, he bent down on one knee, and softly roused the child.

"Bebelle! My little one!"

Opening her eyes, on which the tears were still wet, Bebelle was at first frightened; but seeing who it was, she suffered him to take her in his arms, looking steadfastly at him.

"You must not lie here, my little one. You must come with me."

"No, no. I can't leave Théophile. I want the good dear Théophile."

"We will go and seek him, Bebelle. We will go and look for him in England. We will go and look for him at my daughter's, Bebelle."

"Shall we find him there?"

"We shall find the best part of him there. Come with me, poor forlorn little one. Heaven is my witness," said the Englishman, in a low voice, as, before he rose, he touched the turf above the gentle Corporal's breast, "that I thankfully accept this trust!"

It was a long way for the child to have come unaided. She was soon asleep again, with her embrace transferred to the Englishman's neck. He looked at her worn shoes, and her galled feet, and her tired face, and believed that she had come there every day.

He was leaving the grave with the slumbering Bebelle in his arms, when he stopped, looked wistfully down at it, and looked wistfully at the other graves around. "It is the innocent custom of the people," said Mr. The Englishman, with hesitation; "I think I should like to do it. No one sees."

Careful not to wake Bebelle as he went, he repaired to the lodge where such little tokens of remembrance were sold, and bought two wreaths. One, blue and white and glistening silver, "To my friend;" one of a soberer red and black and yellow, "To my friend." With these he went back to the grave, and so down on one knee again. Touching the child's lips with the brighter wreath, he guided her hand to hang it on the Cross, then hung his own wreath there. After all, the wreaths were not far out of keeping with the little garden. To my friend. To my friend.

Mr. The Englishman took it very ill when he looked round a street-corner into the Great Place, carrying Bebelle in his arms, that old Mutuel should be there airing his red ribbon. He took a world of pains to dodge the worthy Mutuel, and devoted a surprising amount of time and trouble to skulking into his own lodging like a man pursued by Justice. Safely arrived there at last, he made Bebelle's toilet with as accurate a remembrance as he could bring to bear upon that work of the way in which he had often seen the poor Corporal make it, and, having given her to eat and drink, laid her down on his own bed. Then he slipped out into the Barber's shop, and after a brief interview with the barber's wife and a brief recourse to his purse and card-case, came back again, with the whole of Bebelle's personal property in such a very little bundle that it was quite lost under his arm.

As it was irreconcilable with his whole course and character that he should carry Bebelle off in state, or receive any compliments or congratulations on that feat, he devoted the next day to getting his two portmanteaus out of the house by artfulness and stealth, and to comporting himself in every particular as if he were going to run away—except, indeed, that he paid his few debts in the town, and prepared a letter to leave for Madame Bouclet, inclosing a sufficient sum of money in lieu of notice. A railway train would come through at midnight, and by that train he would take away Bebelle to look for Théophile in England and at his forgiven daughter's.

At midnight on a moonlight night, Mr. The Englishman came creeping forth like a harmless assassin, with Bebelle on his breast instead of a dagger. Quiet the Great Place, and quiet the never-stirring streets; closed the cafés; huddled together motionless their billiard-balls; drowsy the guard or sentinel on duty here and there; lulled for the time, by sleep, even the insatiate appetite of the Office of Town-dues.

Mr. The Englishman left the Place behind and left the streets behind, and left the civilian-inhabited town behind, and descended down among the military works of Vauban, hemming all in. As the shadow of the first heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind, as the shadow of the second heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind, as his hollow tramp over the first draw-bridge was succeeded by a gentler sound, as his hollow tramp over the second draw-bridge was succeeded by a gentler sound, as he overcame the stagnant ditches one by one, and passed out where the flowing waters were and where the moonlight, so the dark shades and the hollow sounds and the unwholesomely-locked currents of his soul, were vanquished and set free. See to it, Vaubans, of your own hearts, who gird them in with triple walls and ditches, and with bolt and chain and bar and lifted bridge—raze those fortifications and lay them level with the all-absorbing dust, before the night cometh when no hand can work!

All went prosperously, and he got into an empty carriage in the train, where he could lay Babelle on the seat over against him, as on a couch, and cover her from head to foot with his mantle. He had just drawn himself up from perfecting this arrangement, and had just leaned back in his own seat contemplating it with great satisfaction, when he became aware of a curious appearance at the open carriage-window—a ghostly little tin box floating up in the moonlight, and hovering there.

He leaned forward and put out his head. Down among the rails and wheels and ashes, Monsieur Mutuel, red ribbon and all!

"Excuse me, Monsieur The Englishman," said Monsieur Mutuel, holding up his box at arm's-length; the carriage being so high and he so low; "but I shall reverence the little box forever, if your so generous hand will take a pinch from it at parting."

Mr. The Englishman reached out of the window before complying, and—without asking the old fellow what business it was of his—shook hands and said, "Adieu! God bless you!"

"And, Mr. The Englishman, God bless *you!*" cried Madame Bouclet, who was also there among the rails and wheels and ashes. "And God will bless you in the happiness of the protected child now with you. And God will bless you in your own child at home. And God will bless you in your own remembrances. And this from me!"

He had barely time to catch a bouquet from her hand when the train was flying through the night. Round the paper that enfolded it was bravely written (doubtless by the nephew who held the pen of an Angel), "Homage to the friend of the friendless."

"Not bad people, Bebelle!" said Mr. The Englishman, softly drawing the mantle a little from her sleeping face, that he might kiss it, "though they are so—"

Too "sentimental" himself at the moment to be able to get out that word, he added nothing but a sob, and traveled for some miles, through the moonlight, with his hand before his eyes.

HIS UMBRELLA.

It was not in the spirit of officious gallantry that I put my best foot forward, in order to overtake the lady who was walking a few yards before me, across the large field which adjoins the pretty village of Ivyton. About the attractive qualities of her face and figure I did not care a straw, but she carried one potent charm about her which had for me a fascination wholly irresistible—she carried an umbrella. That the potency of this charm may be fully appreciated, I ought to state that the rain was falling in torrents, and that, although it was early in the year, I was not only without an umbrella, but was also destitute of an overcoat: having carelessly left one of those useful habiliments in the railway carriage. The shades of evening were just deepening into night, and I need not explain that the sensation of being drenched through by a rain which one can scarcely see, is infinitely more disagreeable than the attack of a shower in broad daylight. To the eye the appearance of rapidly falling rain is rather lively than otherwise, and to some extent counteracts the annoyance of a wetting. But in being made aware of the presence of moisture by the sense of feeling alone there is something incalculably dismal and desolate.

There was hope in that umbrella (a gingham umbrella). Surely, under the circumstances, I could solicit a share in it without being deemed extremely rude and impertinent. I slushed my way through the interminable field, and gained upon the figure. Its outline I could plainly distinguish. It was certainly a female, the dress was of a light color, and—most important particular—the wearer of the dress carried, as I have said, a very large umbrella—a gingham umbrella. More I could not ascertain, save that the object of my pursuit was endowed with a less amount of curiosity than is usually ascribed to the fair sex. As my feet often glided from the slippery path, and splashed into the small puddles by which in many places it was burdened, the noise I made must have been considerable; and most people are anxious to know what sort of a person is walking behind them, when they are in a field about nightfall. Such, however, was not the case with the lady before me. Armed with her umbrella against the inclemencies of the weather, she seemed regardless of every thing else.

As I have said, I gained upon the lady; but even when I was at her side, with my head under her umbrella (I believe I have already described it as a gingham umbrella), she made no effort to see me or to avoid me. Apparently looking straight before her, she went on as at first; and it is worthy of remark, that whereas I made a little splash at almost every step, she seemed to pick her way without difficulty. The few courteous words I uttered did not seem to reach her ear. Perhaps she was deaf? On this supposition, I gently took the gingham umbrella by the handle, politely intending to carry it in such a way as to confer upon her the largest share of its benefits. She made no resistance, but let it go at once, and, what was very strange, no sooner was it safely in my grasp than I found myself alone! Yes, no one was beside me; there I stood, whole and sole master of a gingham umbrella. Dressed as she was in light raiment, the lady, however rapidly she might have run away, ought to have been visible in some direction; but she was not visible in any direction.

How wrong it is to form hasty judgments. Five minutes before, I had settled in my own mind that the umbrella was the engrossing object of the lady's thoughts. Now, I could clearly see that she did not value it to the extent of a single clutch. If she had merely wanted to be freed from me, she might have gone with the umbrella in her hand, for I did not hold it so very tight. Perhaps the umbrella was more objectionable than myself, and she was glad to get rid of it? The rain that rattled on the silk seemed anxious to demonstrate the utter fallacy of this hypothesis.

I felt comfortable enough in the parlor of the Jolly Navigators, sipping my glass of hot brandy-and-water as a preventive against the ill effects of the wetting, smoking my cigar, and idly watching my—let me rather say *the*—umbrella, as it lay open before the fire. The inn was close to the station, and I by no means regretted that at least half an hour would elapse before the arrival of the train that was to convey me back to town. Literally doing nothing, I was ready to take an interest in any thing, and was not displeased when I could hear through the open door the few remarks made by the landlord and the customers at the bar.

"Well, this is leap-year," said a gruff voice.

"Yes, and more than that," said another voice, exceedingly shrill, and evidently belonging to an old woman, "this is the 29th of February. I wonder if *she* was in the field this evening?"

"Gammon," said the landlord,

"Oh yes, it's all very fine for you men," urged the shrill voice, "you'll believe nothing but what you can eat and drink and put into your pockets; but I tell you she's sure to be in the field about nightfall, on the 29th of February."

"Go along," said the gruff voice. "Why, I've been through Swampy Field over and over again, and I never seed nothing."

"Of course not," assented the landlord.

"Ay, ay," pursued the shrill voice; "but did you ever go through the field at nightfall, on the 29th of February? Were you there this evening?"

"Well, no; I can't say I was," replied the gruff voice.

"No; exactly," persisted the shrill old dame. "And are you quite sure you were there at nightfall this day four year—or the day four year before that?"

"Well, I don't want to say what ain't right and straight," replied the gruff voice, in a somewhat discomfited tone.

"And that's the wisest thing you've said yet," replied the shrill voice, reproachfully. "Better people than you or I have seen ghosts and been ghosts before this, to say nothing of poor Miss Crackenbridge."

Now my moral position, as I listened to the above conversation, with my eyes fixed on the umbrella, was far from elevated. I felt at once that the "she" of whom the old woman spoke could be no other than the mysterious female from whom I had received the gingham article that lay open before me, steaming away its moisture. I therefore knew that the sneers of the gruff gentleman and of the landlord were unjust, and yet I dared not openly enlist myself on the side of truth. My evidence was all that the old woman required to save her from derision, and I was base enough not to give it. The more I think of my conduct on that occasion the more does my self-respect diminish. If I had been in some primitive hamlet, where the existence of ghosts is admitted as a matter of course, there is no doubt I should have come out boldly with my narrative, and should have done my best to brow-beat any unlucky skeptic. My conduct, I am convinced, would have been analogous had I been at a party of fashionable spiritualists. But here I was in a village, too closely in connection with London to admit of a primitive credulity, save among the oldest inhabitants, while the social status of the speakers was not high enough to render them pervious to aristocratic spiritualism. For fear of incurring the sneer of a vulgar landlord and his more vulgar customer, I allowed truth to be assailed without uttering a word in its defense, though I could scarcely help fancying that the umbrella was conscious of my pusillanimity, and was observing me with silent contempt.

What a great man must a martyr be, who will undergo popular execration, death, and torture, rather than keep his lips close, when they can be opened for the assertion of a truth! What an immeasurable difference there must be between my constitution and that of—say St. Lawrence.

But while my moral courage was at the lowest ebb it was high-water with my curiosity. Such was my utter depravity, that the circumstances which depressed the nobler quality allowed the lower one to flourish with full vigor. I sneaked out of the parlor to the bar, endeavored to ingratiate myself by asking for something cheap which I did not want (a biscuit, I think it was), and then with the grossest affectation of vagueness, propounded the following question:

"Excuse the liberty, but did not I overhear—unintentionally, of course—something about some person who walked in some field in some remarkable manner?"

"That's right, master," replied a man in a shaggy great-coat.

"Oh yes, quite correct," said the landlord, "but for further particulars you had better address yourself to this good lady here. You know there's some sort of knowledge that thrives best in the heads of elderly ladies," he added, with a wink.

I am overwhelmed with shame and confusion when I write down the humiliating fact that I actually winked in return. If I were a member of parliament I wonder whether I should ever, by the remotest chance, find myself voting with the minority!

"Oh, the gentleman is quite welcome to hear the story if he likes," said the old lady: a most respectable, inoffensive-looking person. "*I* don't care for a laugh or two."

How unworthy was I to walk on the same soil with that heroic old woman!

I shall not repeat the words of her narrative, for it was somewhat prolix, and abounded in details that did not bear directly on the main subject. It will be sufficient to state that according to the excellent lady's belief, one Miss Catherine Crackenbridge had, on the 29th of February, many years before, gone out to meet a clandestine lover, and had been seen to cross Swampy Field. Since that time nothing had been heard of her. Some supposed that she was entrapped and murdered by a designing villain; some that she met with a fatal accident; some that she committed suicide. This much was certain: that every 29th of February her figure might be seen—in fact, must be seen—to cross Swampy Field about nightfall by any person who happened to be on the spot.

After exchanging a look of bland superiority with the landlord—despicable being that I was!—I asked if the ghost were in the habit of carrying an umbrella.

"Ho-ho-ho!" roared the landlord. "Why, of course it would if it went out on a wet evening like this. Well, that's a good 'un. The gentleman has given it her there, and no mistake; hasn't he, Jim?"

The man in the shaggy great-coat grunted his assent, with a low chuckle. And there was I—wretch that I was—allowing myself to be applauded for inflicting a stupid sarcasm on a defenseless female, when I firmly believed every word of her statement, and was merely endeavoring to satisfy my curiosity with reference to my strangely-acquired treasure. I even joined in the laugh, and allowed them all, the old woman included, to believe that I regarded myself as an exceedingly witty and facetious person. The old woman merely observed that she knew nothing about umbrellas, and left the house in a state of irascibility that was not only justifiable, but highly laudable. As for me, I swaggered back into the parlor with the air of a conqueror by whom a worthy adversary has been valiantly demolished.

My surprise was not small when I perceived that the umbrella had changed its position during the conversation at the bar. I had left it with the convex side toward the fire, and consequently the handle in the opposite direction. Now the handle was toward the fire, and the convex surface of gingham toward the door. As no one had entered the room this movement was perfectly astounding, yet I did not utter a single ejaculation. I snatched up the umbrella, boldly tucked it under my arm, and stalked through the bar, bidding a hasty farewell to the landlord, and making the utterly frivolous remark that I did not think I should miss the train. If all the ghosts of all the Hamlets had stood in visible shape before me, I would rather have walked through them than have committed myself to a word, look, or gesture that could have compromised me in the eyes of the landlord and his gruff acquaintance. As it was, the initial letters C. C. carved on the handle confirmed my belief that the umbrella had been the property of the ill-starred Catherine Crackenbridge.

The umbrella, I may observe, though of gingham—was of no common order. Its ivory handle was extremely massive, and richly adorned with that elaborate tracery which seems to betoken an Oriental origin. The initial letters to which I have referred had not been scratched on with the first sharp instrument that came to hand, but had been elegantly carved.

Hence it was no wonder that when I called on my old friend Jack Slingsby, to whose residence I proceeded as soon as I quitted the train, he exclaimed, in his usual elegant style:

"Why, old boy, that's a stunning gingham you've got there! Well, that *is* an out-and-outer!"

"Yes, it is rather a good one," I answered, with despicable indifference; and I put it in the corner near the door and hung my hat upon it, in conformity with an old habit of mine. Being of a careless disposition, I lost many an umbrella in early youth. To prevent the recurrence of such accidents I now adopt the expedient of using my umbrella as a hat-peg whenever I make a visit. I can not easily forget my hat, nor can I take my hat without handling my umbrella.

"Well, but you don't mean to tell me," pursued Jack, "that you bought that article with your own money? A purchase of that kind is not like my old friend Yorick Zachary Yorke."

"No; I did not purchase it—it—it came from India," I replied, devoutly hoping, with the little conscience that was left me, that I had not told an absolute falsehood; for, indeed, it might have come from India in the first instance for any thing I knew to the contrary.

The intelligence I had to communicate was of a pleasant kind, and Jack proved its exhilarating effect by ordering oysters for two, and a liberal supply of stout. When this supper, with the addition of a tumbler or so of grog, had been disposed of, I rose to depart.

"Why, old fellow," said the hospitable Jack, "where have you put your hat and your umbrella? Bless my soul, here they are! Well, now, I would have sworn in any witness-box that you put the umbrella in the corner near the door, and then clapped your hat on the handle; and now—lo and behold!—here's the hat on the floor in the corner next the fire-place, and the umbrella, with the point inside the hat, and the handle against the wall!"

The little incident in the parlor of the Jolly Navigators had too well prepared me for such freaks on the part of my umbrella to allow me to be taken aback. "It is just as I put it, Jack," I said, with heedless effrontery. "You put a little too much brandy in your tumbler, and that, coming directly after the stout—"

Jack was fully as sober as I was, and as for the brandy-and-water, it had been offensively weak.

"I suppose you are right, old fellow," interrupted Jack, with a skeptical expression of countenance. "As the umbrella is a little damp, it was kind of you to save my carpet by using your hat as a basin."

Simpering out some inanity about a friend's interests being as dear to me as my own, I got out of the house as well as I could. That I had not succeeded in obliterating from Jack's mind the remembrance of the change of corners was afterward made evident enough. Though he never saw the umbrella again, he never met me without some question as to its whereabout, or some reference to the odd occurrence of *that* evening.

I had been so much occupied hitherto in wearing a mask before other persons, that I really had not had time enough to feel all the supernatural horror which the possession of the umbrella should have inspired. Here was an article placed in my hand, by a mysterious female figure that had vanished like a ghost, and that figure exactly corresponded to the description of a ghost current in the immediate neighborhood! These circumstances began to impress themselves more forcibly on my mind when, on reaching home, I found myself alone in my bachelor sitting-room. The umbrella, which rested against my chair, appeared to me in the light of an unpleasant acquaintance, whom one can not conveniently bow out, and whom one will not press to stop. What should I do with the umbrella? I did not wish to sit up with it all night, still less was I inclined to take it into my bedroom. I looked reflectively at the umbrella until I almost fancied it looked at me in return.

At last I bethought me of a little room on the floor over my bedchamber, which was occasionally used for the deposit of lumber. Thither would I at once take my umbrella, and then redescend to the sleeping apartment. How cautiously I carried it! I felt morbidly afraid of waking the servants, who slept in the chamber adjoining the lumber-room. I opened the door with a minimum of noise that only a burglar ought to attain. I could almost fancy I was breaking into my own house.

Lumber, insignificant by day, is ghastly at night, when illuminated by a single candle, and seen by a single spectator. The common household articles, cast aside as unavailable for immediate use, and huddled together in a fashion totally at variance with their original purpose, have a corpse-like appearance, and the shadows they cast are portentous. A cobweb floating about in their vicinity is an uncomfortable phenomenon, and the lonely spectator shrinks instinctively from any thing like contact with that almost intangible substance, which seems to be compounded of feathers, gossamer, and nothing, and goes by the name of "fluff."

I delicately placed the umbrella against a hamper, richly embroidered with cobwebs, and crept down to my bedroom: not without overhearing the whispering voices of the servants, who had no doubt remarked the unwonted sound of footsteps.

My dreams were disagreeable enough. The umbrella seemed to stand before me as a huge many-armed bat, the gingham forming the texture of the wings, and a little claw being visible at each of the corners. Then the bat would assume the shape of a human skeleton, still many-armed, like some hideous Indian deity: with this difference, that the arms were not in a vertical circle, but were ranged around the neck, like the spokes of a horizontal wheel. And by a strange movement the nob had quitted its place, and stationed itself on the point, where it became a skull, and hattered its jaws, as if in unseemly mirth.

I was far from gratified next morning, when the servant, besides coffee and toast, brought in the umbrella, with the words, "I think you left this in the lumber-room?" I dryly answered "Yes," but I felt that my answer gave no satisfaction. Though the girl talked of "*leaving* the umbrella," she must have known very well that I put it in the lumber-room on purpose.

"You found the umbrella leaning against the hamper?" I asked.

"No, it was against the large trunk on the opposite side," replied the girl.

"Of course," I said. And never did that very common expression seem less fitted to the context of a dialogue.

An umbrella which has been lent by a ghost, which *will* be dreamed about under the most unpleasant aspect, and which, without the aid of human hands, *will* shift from one corner of a room to another, is not a desirable possession. Many were my efforts to get rid of my gingham treasure, but they were all in vain. I left it at the house of friend after friend, and frequently took away with me a silk umbrella in its stead, but it was invariably sent back. I have gone into some of the lowest streets in London, have made some trifling purchase of a marine store-seller who was obviously a receiver of stolen goods—I have placed the umbrella against his counter, and have hurried away at my quickest pace; but the light of honesty has flashed at once into the abode of roguery and crime. A ragged boy or girl has run frantically after me, with my umbrella. I have gone to umbrella-makers, and have offered to sell or exchange the remarkable specimen of their art which I carried in my hand. But never was the master of the shop at home when I called, and never had he left any person authorized to effect an exchange or a purchase. I could always find some one in charge, with full authority to sell any number of umbrellas; but I could never find any body intrusted with power to buy one, or take one in exchange.

It struck me at last that I would take it to the nearest pawnbroker, and offer it as a pledge for a sum too small to be refused. I had never until then visited an establishment of the sort, and I felt nervous as I approached the door—more nervous when a friend, who seemed almost to rise out of the pavement, suddenly shook me by the hand, and asked me where I was going. When I had quitted him he stopped and looked after me, so that I was not able to dash boldly into the shop, but lingered at neighboring windows, contemplating objects wholly devoid of interest. How long I looked at some pigs' pettitoes in one shop and at some blacking-bottles in another I can not conjecture. At last, assuming that I was wholly unobserved, I entered the temple of interested benevolence.

"Well, Sir," said the young man at the counter, with an air more patronizing than is assumed by the generality of tradesmen toward their customers; "what can we do for *you?*"

"I merely come to—" thus I began, when I perceived that my umbrella was not under my arm. I rushed out of the shop leaving my sentence unfinished, and met my friend returning from his expedition. Though he merely made some commonplace remark, I could see by his manner that he had distinctly perceived my egress, and, chancing to look back toward the shop, I could see the young man's face protruding from the door-way, watching me with evident suspicion. My situation was miserable. Before me stood an old friend of the family, a warm opulent dreadfully respectable man, eying me with diminished respect; behind me was an utter stranger, conjecturing that I was a thief.

When I got home my umbrella was in the stand in the passage. Perhaps I had left it there. I can not positively say whether I did or not, but something told me that it would be useless to make any other attempt to deposit it as a pledge.

As the end of another February approached a happy thought occurred to me. Why should I not, on the anniversary of the day that had enriched me with the umbrella, take a turn in Swampy Field and restore it to the rightful owner? Though the umbrella had been placed in my hand on the 29th of February, a day which occurs only once in four years, I could regard the 1st of March as a very fair anniversary. There is this in common between the 29th of February in leap-year and the 1st of March in other years—that they both follow the 28th of February. And there was no reason to suppose that a spirit, habituated to regard the essence of things, would regard a chronological arrangement merely made to adapt the calendar to mortal purposes.

I left London by railway, and on the evening of the 1st of March I was in Swampy Field with my umbrella up. There was not a cloud in the sky, and so bright was the moon that the country could be seen as by daylight. Nevertheless, I walked up and down the field with my umbrella at full spread. No object appeared save a group of boys, who took advantage of the bright moonlight to extend their hours of play, and who noticed me as a ridiculous figure. An umbrella held up at noon under a broiling sun answers the purpose of a parasol, and brings no contempt on him who holds it; but a man who walks up and down a field by moonlight beneath a perfectly cloudless sky, with an outspread umbrella in his hand, is guilty of an absurdity that no one is bound to tolerate. The derision of the boys I endured with the fortitude of one who knows that he is in the wrong, and who justly merits whatever befalls him. When their verbal sallies were followed by missiles of mud and stone I retreated, without the slightest feeling of anger against my small persecutors. Had I been in their place I should have thrown missiles also.

Months and months passed away. Every night I had dreamed of the skeleton and the bat, and the dreams had lost their terror. I believe that if I had lain from night till morning without a visit from the familiar spectre I should have felt my rest incomplete. As for the umbrella, I had so often put it in one corner and found it in another that I looked at its locomotion as a matter of course; and if I had chanced to find it in the place where I had left it my sensations would have been like those of a man whose watch has unaccountably stopped.

One evening as my eye glanced at the advertising columns of the newspaper it stopped at the following mysterious announcement. I beg to state, before quoting it, that on the previous day the umbrella had come back to me in a very remarkable manner. I had left it at a shop to have it newly covered with silk in the place of gingham. It had come home (as it appeared to me of its own accord), and had brought a man with it who waited in the passage to be paid the price of this alteration, and who declined to quit the premises without receiving such price. On being offered the umbrella instead, he replied, "Blow the umbrella! I've umbrellas enough *that I can't get rid of*. I wants my money." (From the words I have italicized might it not almost seem as if this uncultivated person had also encountered the spectre? I merely throw out the suggestion, without insisting on it.)

"On the 29th of February, C. C. will call on Y. Z. Y., and claim the deposit."

This was the advertisement on which my eye fell.

Now, it is not every one that can own a property in the initials Y. Z. Y. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that I, Yorick Zachary Yorke, am their sole legitimate owner.

How great is the power of habit! Three years before, my mind had been so occupied with the extra day of the bissextile, that I had even tried to make a 29th of February of my own, by giving a new figure to the 1st of March. Now, on the contrary, I was slow in recalling to mind the connection between the umbrella and the date of its acquisition; and I believe a quarter of an hour elapsed before I recognized in C. C. the initials of the ill-starred Miss Catherine Crackenbridge.

The whole horror of four years ago was forced back upon me. My agony reached its crisis, when, looking at the date of the paper, I shrieked aloud—"The 29th of February is to-day!" Frantically I rushed into the passage, took the umbrella from its stand, and placed it on the table before me. My eyes were fixed upon it so firmly that every other object faded, and my arms were not only folded, but firmly pressed together, that I might be fully aware of the strength of my own resolution.

How long I sat in this state I know not, but after a while I began to feel that I was not alone, though I could not perceive a companion. And there was a strange inconsistency in the appearance of the room. The looking-glass was over the chimney-piece, and the various articles of furniture were in their places, but the carpet seemed made of wet grass, and the walls were transparent, affording a view of a flat country, in the last light of evening. I could hear the sound of rain, and could feel the drops. In defiance of all the laws of possibility, I was in two places at once—in my room in London, and on Swampy Field. A heavy weight rested on my arm, a cold breath was on my cheek, and close beside me was a pale face that moved its lips, as if speaking with the greatest earnestness; but it gave no sound.

When the face had melted away, and the weight was removed from my arm, and the carpet was free from wet grass, and the walls had ceased to be transparent, the umbrella was gone!

I am not aware whether any so called philosophical explanation of these astonishing experiences may be attempted. I believe I have related them (on the whole) with great accuracy. If I have at all enlarged on any trifling detail, or if any deduction should be claimed by the determined skeptic, on the score of harmless stout, or of brandy-and-water which I have myself described as (I quote the exact words) "offensively weak," or on the score of a rather confused memory, or a slight habit of absence of mind, or an indigestive disposition (inherited on the father's side) to doze after dinner, there will still remain this extraordinary circumstance to be accounted for by ordinary laws—that I never could get rid of the umbrella (gingham) during the whole interval between bissextile and bissextile, and that I unaccountably and inexplicably lost the umbrella (silk) on the 29th of February, the very day when it came home from being newly covered, and brought with it the extraordinary man I have described.

HIS BLACK BAG.

I.

Creel was a ducal house—a palace almost—in the north of Scotland, and I don't believe that any where in the north or the south, the east or the west, a pleasanter place could be found to stay at, or a pleasanter host and hostess than the Duke and Duchess of Greta. I had known the duchess long before her marriage, and as to her husband, we got on well from the very first day of my stay at Creel, when I had the good fortune to land a salmon in a style the duke highly approved of; an achievement which I followed up by tying a fly with which he himself killed first and last five large salmon, and a dozen grilse, before it came to pieces. Every year I went to stay at Creel, making one of a great society, the castle being big enough to hold a small world within its walls.

The first day of my arrival at Creel on the occasion which I am writing, I found myself seated between old Lady Salteith, who is very deaf, and an uncommonly stupid master of fox-hounds, whose voice nobody would ever care to hear unless when it was raised in a melodious tally-ho or uttering words of encouragement to a despondent hound. Exactly opposite to where I sat was the beautiful Miss Crawcour. Of this young lady I had heard a great deal, though I had never before found myself in her company. She was placed next to the man of all others for whom I have, I think, the least liking. This was Lord Sneyd, the best match, pecuniarily, and the worst, I should imagine, in every other way, that England had to show. At a glance I saw what was going on. Miss Crawcour was a near relation of the duchess, and the duchess was one of the most inveterate match-makers that ever lived. She was at this time about five or six-and-thirty, good-looking, and good-natured to an excess, but she had this quality of match-making developed in her nature to an extent that was almost inconceivable, and certainly premature.

But the duchess did not stand alone in keeping a watchful eye over this affair. My fox-hunting friend, from whom I learned who the young lady opposite really was, had even his stupid old eye fixed upon Miss Crawcour. Lady Salteith, deaf, as I have said, and so shut out from conversation, watched her with might and main, and so, indeed, more or less, did most of the guests assembled round that great table. I ought, perhaps, to except the duke, who, I think, was insensible to all such matters, being a sportsman and nothing else in the world. The curiosity of the rest of the company was excusable. One of the special beauties of the day, and one of the great matches of the year, were there side by side, and of course every body wanted to know what would come of it.

The beauty of Mary Crawcour was of no ordinary kind, and there was in it a wonderful sense of health and vitality. It was scarcely possible to look at her without feeling inclined to envy her the extraordinary resources and the prosperous future which an organism so complete seemed to promise. What a pity, one could not help thinking—what a pity it would be if any thing should occur to mar such a career! And then as you looked from her to her neighbor the thought immediately followed, "How mar a career more utterly than by such an alliance as that?"

Philip, Earl of Sneyd, was not what some people would call bad-looking, though to me I must own that his appearance was most disagreeable. I suppose at the time I am speaking of he was two or three-and-forty, but he was one of those light-complexioned men who look less than their age. His features, too, were small and regular. What much uglier men I have seen whom it was pleasanter to look at than this same Lord Sneyd. There was something so utterly unmanly and weak about him. He was so much too soigné in his "get up." His hair was curled and crimped, and so were his whiskers. He affected jewelry, and I have frequently seen him with rings outside his gloves. He always wore, too, such tightly-strapped trowsers and such thin lacquered boots. I don't believe he had such a thing as a shooting-jacket or a pair of highlows in his possession. When the other men of the party of which he made one were out of doors, he was to be found in the drawing-room playing on the piano, or, still better, getting some lady to accompany him while he sang; for I must do him the justice to say that he had a good tenor voice, and performed upon it in tune and with considerable taste.

I looked on then at this game, and I saw, or thought I saw—what? A used-up man who had never had any thing but a pippin for a heart—this said pippin having once, however, had some juice and softness in it, but now resembling those of Normandy, which one sees in the grocers' shops—dry, hard, and sadly contracted and pinched about the core. I saw that this man had settled with himself that the young lady beside him was personally and otherwise suitable to the position of Countess of Sneyd, and that to be the proprietor of such a piece of humanity would be generally agreeable to his inclination, and creditable to his discernment into the bargain. I saw, too, a young girl, at the very commencement of what might be a bright and glorious existence, about to sacrifice all her happiness, deliberately selling it for money and a coronet, and I thought I saw that this was not done willingly as some girls do such acts, but because she was forced into it.

Sitting there opposite, and having little to do in the way of conversation myself, I heard many scraps of dialogue between Miss Crawcour and her neighbor. The young lady was attentive to what Lord Sneyd said, certainly, but always with grave attention. She never smiled, or relaxed.

A great dinner! What a wondrous jumble of sound, what a queer mixture of words and thoughts, of observations made aloud and observations made in secret. What scraps overheard. What nonsense. If sound and thought and action could be photographed—caught in some camera obscura, and retained, what would be the result of the process? In the case with which we have now to do—something of this sort. Quick! The instrument is set, the slide withdrawn, and the sensitive and prepared plate exposed.

Lady Salteith (to me). Did they have the same house last season?—Myself (bawling). No. They didn't come to town at all.—Butler (over right shoulder). Champagne, Sir, or sparkling 'ock?—Myself (to myself). Feverish last night: (to Butler) Neither.—Lady Salteith (to me). Well, they couldn't have taken a nicer house.—Myself (to myself). It's no use putting her right; (to Lady S., bawling louder) No.—Lord Sneyd (to Miss Crawcour). I dislike traveling. One has to rough it so. I have an aversion to roughing it.—Miss Crawcour (to Lord Sneyd, coldly). But surely that is the great fun of traveling.—Myself (to myself). Effeminate beast that Sneyd is; (to servant, silently protruding stewed pigeons over left shoulder) No, thanks.—Lord Sneyd (to Miss Crawcour). Don't see any fun in having greasy hot water instead of soup, and beds so damp that you may take a bath in them. These sort of things disturb me, put me out, make me—not angry exactly, I'm never angry—are you?—Miss Crawcour, Yes, often.—Lord Sneyd. Really, now, Miss Crawcour.—Butler (over right shoulder). Sherry, Sir?—Myself. Yes.—Lady Salteith (to neighbor on the other side). Mumbles so, every body does, nowadays. Why can't they speak out?—Lord Sneyd (to Miss Crawcour). How does it feel being angry?—Miss Crawcour. Oh, not very dreadful. I never go beyond wishing that the person I am angry with was at the other end of the world.—Lord Sneyd (calmly). Is that all? Oh, I often go as far as that myself. I should like at least half of my friends to be at the other end of the world.—

Myself (to myself). How she hates him; (to servant, protruding curry over left shoulder) No.—General Accompaniment. Muffled clash, respectful clatter, buzzing, and subdued laughter.—Master of Foxhounds (to me). Shall you be in England for the hunting season?—Myself. Don't intend to hunt next season.—M. F. H. What's become of that chestnut of yours?—Myself. Sold her.—Lady Salteith (to me). Miss Crawcour is not so pretty as she was last year.—Myself (observing Miss Crawcour to be listening). I can't agree with you there, Lady Salteith; (to myself) I've never seen her before, by-the-by; (to servant, protruding mutton over left shoulder) Yes.—Butler (over right shoulder). Champagne or sparkling 'ock, Sir?—Myself. Neither.—Lord Sneyd (to Miss Crawcour). Did you hear Lady Salteith just now (his lordship was devouring curry when Lady Salteith spoke, and is only now ready to talk)?—Miss Crawcour. Yes. —Lord Sneyd. Does *that* make you angry?—Miss Crawcour. No. Lady Salteith is quite right. —General Accompaniment. Muffled clash, respectful clatter, and subdued laughter.—M. F. H. I know a man who would have given you any thing for that chestnut.—Myself. Yes? Well, it's too late now. I sold him very well.—Butler (over right shoulder). Sherry, Sir?—Myself. Thanks. —Lady Salteith (to me). Not a good complexion has she?—Myself (shouting). I can't agree with you, Lady Salteith.—Lady Salteith. Yes, as you say, wants color.—Myself (to myself). It's no use; (to servant, protruding grouse over left shoulder) If you please.—Lord Sneyd (to Miss Crawcour). What are you going to do to-morrow morning, Miss Crawcour? Will you try that air from the Prophète with me again?—Miss Crawcour. In the morning I am going out riding, Lord Sneyd.—Lord Sneyd. Dear me. You are always riding. I hate riding, it shakes one so. Well, in the afternoon, then, after luncheon?—Miss Crawcour (icily). After luncheon I shall be quite ready.—Myself (to myself, being inclined for meditation). That girl speaks with the air of a martyr. If I had been Lord Sneyd—(to servant, protruding Charlotte-Russe over left shoulder) No—(to myself) I would have made an effort to accompany myself in that air from the Prophète, or have sought a more willing coadjutor; (to servant, protruding jelly over left shoulder) No, thank you.—General Accompaniment. Muffled clash, respectful clatter, buzzing, and subdued laughter. —M. F. H. (to a neighbor). We've begun the cub-hunting now regularly. My huntsman tells me there are a good many foxes this year.—Neighbor (another fox-hunter, indistinctly reported by the instrument). Glad—hear it—good f. country—plenty—cover.—Lady Salteith (to me). Do you ever see my nephew now?—Myself. What, Harry Rushout? Oh yes, sometimes.—Lady Salteith (to her neighbor on the other side). My nephew is the wildest young man about town. The other day he got brought up before the magistrate and— Lord Sneyd (to Miss Crawcour). Lady Salteith is not always so fortunate as she might be in the subjects she chooses for conversation.—Miss Crawcour. Poor thing. She belongs to a different time. But she's very good, really.—Lord Sneyd. I wonder she comes out, so deaf as she is. She ought to stop at home.—Miss Crawcour. I like Lady Salteith exceedingly, and am always glad to be staying in the house with her.—Myself. That's right.—General Accompaniment. Clash—clatter.

Enough! Down goes the slide. The instrument is shut up. There is the result of the operation.

When that long "banquet scene" was at an end, and the ladies left the room, I found myself, by the retirement of old Lady Salteith, next my hearty straightforward manly friend Jack Fortescue, with whom I had already exchanged a nod behind the old lady's back. I was very glad to see him. We talked about all sorts of things; and presently got upon the subject which had been occupying me so much during dinner. I was rather anxious, I must own, to lead to it, having heard a rumor somewhere or other that my friend Jack himself was smitten with Miss Crawcour. I don't know when I had heard it, or where. Those things seem in some societies to circulate in the air.

To my surprise I found Fortescue very uncommunicative about this matter, and still more, to my wonder, I observed a tendency in him rather favorable to this match. He even sought to defend Lord Sneyd against my attacks.

"Oh, he's not such a bad fellow," he said, "when you come to know him. He's affected, you know, and pretends to be wonderfully refined, and to be a petit-maître, and all that, but he has his good points. We fellows who are always shooting, or fishing, or riding over stone dykes, are apt to undervalue a man of quieter tastes, and more sedentary pursuits. Sneyd goes in, you know, for being a sort of artist. By-the-by—talking of artists—did you see that portrait of the duchess in the Academy this year—wasn't it good?"

I saw that my friend wanted to get away from the subject, so of course I did not attempt to pursue it. I was not enlightened by any thing that occurred in the drawing-room after dinner. Miss Crawcour and Fortescue hardly exchanged a dozen words, and Lord Sneyd was in attendance upon the young lady throughout the evening. In the smoking-room afterward Lord Sneyd refused cigars, and smoked some infernal perfumed composition out of a Hookah. Heaven knows what it was. Opium, perhaps? Nothing wholesome I'll warrant.

II.

It was on the day succeeding that of my arrival at Creel that I sought the billiard-room, the usual refuge of the unemployed. I had remained at home that morning, having some letters to write and other things to do in my own room. These finished, I had still half an hour or more on my hands before luncheon, so I thought I would wend my way to the billiard-room. If I found any one to play with so much the better. If not, I would practice difficult cannons for half an hour or so, and in that way get through the time.

Two people were in the room. A gentleman and a lady. Jack Fortescue and Miss Crawcour. They were standing together at the further end of the table. Both had cues in their hands, and the balls were on the board, but at the moment of my entrance they were certainly not playing. Miss Crawcour's back was to the light, but a glance showed me beyond a shadow of doubt that she had been crying—was crying even when I entered the room.

What was I to do? Fortescue was my friend. The room was public to every-body in the castle. If I retired it would be a marked act, showing that I felt I had interrupted some scene which did not require witnesses.

"Are you having a game, or only practicing?" I said to Fortescue, merely to break the awkward silence.

"Oh, it's a game," he answered, making a great effort, but not speaking then in his proper voice. "And it's my stroke. Look," he said to me, quickly, "is that cannon possible?" and he made it almost as he spoke. Two or three more followed. Then a hazard. At last a bad shot, and it was time for Miss Crawcour.

She came to her place at the table, and made a violent effort to collect herself. I did not look at her, but pretended to be absorbed in marking Fortescue's score. I heard her cue strike the ball in an uncertain way. There was no subsequent sound indicating the contact of her ball with one of the others. It was a miss. The moment she had made it she placed her cue against the wall, and saying something indistinctly about not being able to play, and about my finishing the game instead of her, left the billiard-room, closing the door after her.

As soon as she was gone Fortescue came up to where I stood.

"After what you've seen," he said, "it's no use my attempting to make a secret of what has been going on between Miss Crawcour and myself."

"My dear Fortescue, I have no wish to force myself on your confidence. What I have seen can be forever as if I had not seen it, if you wish it. You know that."

"No, no, I don't wish it," he answered, quickly. "But come outside with me for half a minute. We can't talk here."

Out in the open air, the rooks cawing about the tree-tops as their nests waved to and fro in the wind, he spoke again, as we lay on the grass.

"I dare say you have heard my name and Miss Crawcour's spoken of together? You have. I don't know what right any one has had to talk about either of us. However, that can't be helped."

He paused, and did not seem able to go on.

"I hate speaking of things of this sort," he continued, after a moment, and in an impatient tone; "one's words sound like words in a valentine or a trashy novel. Well, it can't be helped. I love this girl, Mary Crawcour. I would do any thing for her."

"And yet you could speak yesterday about her marrying that man Sneyd."

"You were not then in my confidence. To the world I must seem to favor that marriage. I am pledged to do so."

"Pledged! To whom?"

"To the duchess."

"My dear Fortescue, how, in Heaven's name, could you enter into so rash an engagement?"

"How? How could I do otherwise, you mean? You know my position. I have two hundred a year and my pay. Can I marry that girl, accustomed to the life she *is* accustomed to, on that? Have I a right to fetter her with a long engagement, on the remote possibility of my becoming possessed of property between which and myself there are half a dozen lives? Have I a right to stand in the way of such a marriage as that with Sneyd. What could I say when the duchess put these questions to me?"

"Do you believe that Miss Crawcour would be happy in such a marriage?"

"I don't know," answered Fortescue, almost desperately. "I have seen such misery come from poverty in married life."

"Depend on it," I answered, "it is not the worst evil by many, many degrees. Fortescue," I continued, after a moment's pause, "does Miss Crawcour love you?"

"I think so," he said, speaking in a low voice.

"Then depend on it you are doing wrong. You are acting as you think rightly, and with a great and noble self-denial. But you are mistaken, cruelly, terribly mistaken, if you have pledged yourself to favor this match with Sneyd, and to give up your own hold on that young lady's love."

"I am pledged," Fortescue answered.

"To what?"

"To do nothing that is calculated to hinder the marriage with Sneyd, and not to press my own suit by word or deed for a period of five years—by which time, of course, all chance will be over."

"And this was what you were telling Miss Crawcour just now?"

"Something of it. She followed me to the billiard-room. She seems desperate, reckless. She swears she will not have him. I entreated her to leave me—you saw the rest."

I said, after a moment's pause, "The conduct of the duchess surprises me in this thing, I own. She has such good points, I know. She is kind-hearted, hospitable—"

"Yes, she is all that," said Fortescue, interrupting me, "but she is touched by the world like every body else. Why, you don't know what the notions of these people are. The things that are necessaries of life to them—real necessaries of life—require a fortune to provide them. To a woman like the duchess the existence which such means as mine imply seems what the work-house or absolute starvation appears to you. When the duchess puts the case so to me, I tell you, I am speechless."

"Fortescue," I said, after a long silence, "these things being so, and this most rash and miserable pledge being given, what do you do here?"

"I go to-morrow."

"Have you told Miss Crawcour that?"

"No, I have told no one. I mean to tell no one. When the party goes out riding to-morrow morning I shall excuse myself, and—and leave this place, most likely forever. There is a row in India, I hear; perhaps I shall get rid of my life there. It's at any body's service."

Again there was a pause. I knew what that careless tone meant, and for a time I could not speak.

"Fortescue," I said at last, "I have one more thing to ask. Has Sneyd spoken yet?"

"No," answered my friend, rising to lead the way to the house; "but he is certain to do so to-day—or to-morrow."

III.

That afternoon a party, of which Fortescue and I formed two, went out cover-shooting in the neighborhood. I never saw my friend shoot so ill. Indeed the poor fellow seemed entirely bewildered, and unfit for any thing. I think he only joined the party to get away from the house.

Miss Crawcour did not appear at dinner. She was suffering from a headache, the duchess said, and preferred remaining in her room. Lord Sneyd professed as much interest as would comport with his languid manner. I could see in Fortescue's face, carefully as he had drilled it, how much he suffered additionally at not spending this, his last evening, in Miss Crawcour's society.

The next day came, and I was again prevented, by certain literary labors to which I was obliged to devote myself, from going out in the early part of the day. I spent the morning in my room, which was situated in one of the round towers which flanked the entrance of the castle, one on each side.

About half past eleven I heard the voices of some of the men who were staying in the castle, as they lounged about the door, gossiping and talking. Soon after I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the distance, and soon the same sound accompanied by the scattering of gravel, and the "Wo, mare!" and "Steady horse!" of the grooms.

I looked out from behind my curtains; I am always very easily diverted from my work. The riding party was all assembled. Three or four men—among them, for a wonder, Lord Sneyd. He had his own horse, a nasty long-tailed white brute, that cost, I dare say, a mint of money, and that no man worth two-pence would get across. The duchess and Miss Crawcour were the ladies of the party. The duke came to the door to see them off. He was not going with them, having all sorts of things to arrange with that important minister the gamekeeper.

"Where's Fortescue?" said some one.

"Oh, he's not going this morning," the duke answered. "He is writing letters." He was helping Miss Crawcour into the saddle as he spoke. It may have been the exertion of mounting, or it may not, but I could see that she blushed deeply.

I did not like the look of the animal on which Miss Crawcour was mounted. As far as beauty went, certainly there was nothing to complain of. A handsomer mare I never saw. But the movements of the ears were too incessant and violent, and there was more white to the eye shown than I like to see in connection with a riding-habit. The mare had been difficult to hold while Miss Crawcour was being lifted on, and now that the young lady was fairly on the brute's back it became exceedingly restive, almost unmanageable.

"Are you afraid of her at all, Mary?" the duke asked, as he stood at the door; "she seems unusually frisky this morning."

"No, not in the least. She's always like this at starting."

This was Miss Crawcour's answer, but I thought she looked pale. Perhaps it was the reaction after that blush I had noticed. The duke spoke again. This time to the head-groom.

"Has that mare been exercised this morning, Roberts?"

The man hesitated just half a moment, and looked at the mare.

"Yes, your grace," he said, touching his hat.

"You're sure, Mary," the duchess said, "that you're not afraid? Do let them take her back and bring you another mount."

"Yes, yes, much better," added the duke. "Roberts, send that mare back, and saddle Robin Hood for Miss Crawcour."

"Beg your pardon, your grace, but the horse is in physic: he's not been very well for a day or two."

"Well, then, the brown mare, or Bullfinch, or—"

"No, no, no, no!" Miss Crawcour called from the saddle. "I like this mare best of all. Let her go," she said to the groom who was holding the cursed brute's head. And off she cantered, the mare plunging and kicking.

"Really," said Lord Sneyd, with his foot in the stirrup, "Miss Crawcour ought not to be allowed to ride that ferocious animal. Can nobody stop her?"

"You ride after her, Sneyd," said the duke, smiling, "and try if you can't bring her back." Lord Sneyd was in the saddle by this time, and cantered off at a regular rocking-horse pace. His groom behind him on a thorough-bred.

That was the last I saw of the cavalcade. The duke retired immediately to the gun-room, and I went back to my writing-table, but I could not help feeling a certain sense of uneasiness, the look of that mare not being at all to my liking, and the manner of the groom having left an impression on my mind that the animal had not really been out before that morning.

All the events of that day are very fresh in my memory. The next room to mine was a boudoir. There was a piano in it, and some one of the ladies of the party was playing on it. I don't know what she was playing, though I should recognize the air now in a moment if I heard it. It was what is called a "piece," and had a wonderful plaintive beauty about it. As the performer played it many times over, I suppose she was learning it.

I went on writing, and what I wrote seemed in a sort of way to be mixed up with this tune. Presently I heard the sound of wheels, and some light vehicle drove up to the door. I went again to the window. It was a dog-cart, driven by one of the duke's grooms, and it drove up before the door. Some servants brought out a portmanteau, some gun-cases, and other luggage, and placed them in the vehicle. Almost at the same moment my door opened, and Fortescue entered the room. I never saw any thing more dreadful than the suppressed agony in his face.

"Good-by, old fellow," he said, with a miserable ghastly smile. "I'm off, you see. Will you take charge of this note for the duchess? I've explained to Greta that I find my letters this morning require my presence in London. Good-by! I've only just time to catch the train."

"Stay," I said; "where can I write to you?"

"London, to-morrow. After that, Chatham. Good-by again, dear old fellow, good-by!"

He was gone. In a minute more I saw the duke come with him to the door, and after shaking him warmly by the hand and pressing him to return whenever he possibly could, they parted, and the dog-cart disappeared rapidly, behind that angle of the castle round which I had seen Miss Crawcour pass so short a time before.

Poor fellow! what a departure. What an episode in the gay story of the life at Creel.

I went back to my desk. And still from the next room came that same plaintive air, and still it seemed to belong to what I wrote, and to be an inseparable part of the day and its events.

Once more I was disturbed, and by the clatter of hoofs. It was a single horse this time, and going evidently at a tremendous pace. I looked out and saw young Balham, who had been one of the party of equestrians, dashing along the road at full gallop. He turned off in the direction of the stables, and I saw no more of him. I remained where I was, but with a dim foreboding that something had gone wrong, and by-and-by a low open carriage, empty, was driven out of the stable-yard at a great pace. Lord Balham rode rapidly on in front of it, both he and the carriage going back by the way he had come.

I still kept where I was, and in a few moments the door of the house was opened, and some of the servants came out. They looked out in the direction by which the carriage had disappeared. One or two ladies'-maids stood on the steps, one of them the duchess's, and there was another who was crying, but quite quietly, the servants in such houses being drilled into the greatest undemonstrativeness. I heard one of the men-servants say to another, "Roberts is gone off to Inverkeed for Dr. MacIntyre, and James has gone into Creel for Mr. Cameron. They'll both be here quickly." "Is his grace in the house?" "No. He's up at the plantations. But he's been sent for."

The conversation among the men stopped suddenly. The carriage, driving now very slowly, had come in sight. It was followed by some horsemen. Presently I made out that two grooms behind were leading each a lady's horse; then I saw that the duchess was sitting in the carriage bending over and supporting *something*—somebody—lying at length on the cushions. A gentleman, one of those on horseback, detached himself from the group, and rode swiftly up to the door.

"Is Miss Crawcour's maid here?" he asked.

The girl came forward, sobbing. The duchess's woman, older, with more head, more self-controlled, and more useful now, came out too.

Not a word more was spoken. The carriage drew up to the door, and I saw at a glance that it was Miss Crawcour over whom the duchess was bending; that the poor girl's habit was all torn and dirty; and that a handkerchief, deeply stained, was laid over her face.

There was no word spoken still. The duchess, in tears, descended from the carriage and went into the house to see that all was ready, while the gentlemen of the party lifted the poor maimed form of Miss Crawcour from the cushions. I noticed that Lord Sneyd did not assist in this, but hovered about the group in a helpless way. Nobody seemed to want him, or to notice him.

I remained still where I was. I knew I could be of no use, should only be in the way below. I could not help looking. I wish I had not. As they lifted Miss Crawcour from the carriage, the handkerchief that was over her face became displaced, and I saw—

One whole side of her face seemed to have been crushed and beaten in. That beautiful face!

It was covered again, in a moment, but I had seen it—and so had some one else. When Lord Sneyd looked upon that mutilated face he turned even paler than he had been before, and went into the house.

The door closed over the sad group, with Mary Crawcour's helpless figure carried in the midst of it, the carriage drove away to the stables, and all was quiet again.

"And *he* did it, think of that," said Balham. "It was that disgusting white brute of his to whom this terrible mishap is owing."

"What do you mean?" I asked, as we were talking some time afterward about what has been partly described above. "How did the thing happen? You saw it all."

"It is told in two words," said Balham. "You know that mare that poor Miss Crawcour used to ride. Well, she was always an unsafe, ill-conditioned mare, in my opinion, but on this occasion she was particularly bad. All the time we were out she was fidgeting and starting at every thing, and more than one of us wanted Miss Crawcour to let the groom put her saddle on one of the other horses, and let some man with a stronger hand ride the mare. However, it was no use, and so at last—I never saw a worse thing—the mare took fright at some barrow, or something by the side of the hedge, and bolted straight across the road at a bound. Miss Crawcour was thrown, but fell clean, luckily without becoming entangled with the stirrup, and might have escaped serious mischief, when up comes that intolerable ass Sneyd, on his infernal ambling Astley's-looking beast, and rides clean over her, the brute of a horse—ssh—I can't bear to think of it—sending one of his hoofs straight into her face as he passed."

"And her arm is broken too, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe so. That may, however, have happened when she fell; but the other thing—that fearful mutilation of the poor young lady's face—was done by a kick from that horse of Sneyd's, and by nothing else in the world. I saw it with my own eyes."

THE REST OF THIS MANUSCRIPT HE HAD PUT IN TO

HIS WRITING-DESK.

Some years after these things had happened I stood on the summit of one of those mighty mountains which form a boundary line, such as few countries can boast of, between Switzerland and Italy.

It was evening, and I was gazing with all my eyes into that strange receptacle for the dead which the monks of St. Bernard have placed at the door of their convent, and where the bodies of those unfortunates who have perished in the snow are preserved. They are embalmed by the highly rarefied air of that height, and do not decay. The Egyptian mummies are not more perfectly kept.

I was so absorbed in these strange figures that I scarcely noticed there was any one standing beside me, until I suddenly heard my own name pronounced by a voice familiar to me. I turned and found myself face to face with Jack Fortescue.

"Well," he said, almost before we had exchanged greetings, "this *is* the most extraordinary thing, the most marvelous combination of coincidences that ever took place since the creation of the world! Who do you think is in there?" pointing to the convent.

"Who?" I asked. "In Heaven's name, who?"

"In the strangers' parlor there, you will find, at this moment, your old acquaintance Lord Sneyd—and, what is more, a new acquaintance, if you choose to make it, in the shape of that nobleman's illustrious consort."

"What, the Irish-Italian singer, who, as I saw by *Galignani*, had managed to become Lady Sneyd?"

"The same."

"And your wife—where is she?"

"Mary is with me. Is it not extraordinary, incredible almost, that we should all be under the same roof again? Do you remember the last time?"

"Remember it? Shall I ever forget it?"

"Of course," Fortescue went on, "I can't let her come in contact with those people, so she keeps her room, or rather her cell. It is awfully cold, but any thing is better than such a meeting."

"But you will let me see her?"

"*You?* Why, of course," Fortescue answered. "How can you ask?"

"I will ask something else, then," I continued. "I will ask you to tell me some of the particulars of what took place after I left Creel and went abroad. My letters from England and the papers told me, to my great delight, of your marriage with Miss Crawcour, and also of Lord Sneyd's wonderful match. But I want to know more than these bare facts."

"There is really not much to tell," said Fortescue. "When I got your letter telling me of that terrible disaster at Creel I was at Chatham, and was, in fact, just negotiating for an exchange into a regiment that was going abroad at once. Your letter altered all my plans. Do what I would the thought of that poor maimed figure haunted me; the love which I resisted when she was in the full pride and glory of her beauty became, now that pity was mixed up with it, now that this fearful trouble had come upon her, a thing that I could no longer hold out against. I felt that I *must* go back to Creel. And I went.

"When I got there I found that that infernal brute and scoundrel, Sneyd, had left the place. Very soon after the accident—you know that he had never actually spoken to the duke about Mary, or said any thing definite to her—well, very soon after the accident he discovered that it was actually necessary that he should pay a visit to some estates of his in Ireland. He left the castle to come back there no more. He went first of all to Ireland, and then was absent on the Continent for a considerable length of time. There was an end of him. At Naples he became entangled in the snares of a regular designing adventuress, and out of those snares he has never escaped. I wish him joy.

"Well, I staid on and on at Creel. It was a quiet, delightful time. After the accident every body left, but Greta—he and I, you know, were always great friends—the duke pressed me to stay that he might have somebody to shoot with, and I staid on and on.

"At that time, too, I saw more of the duchess than I had ever done before, and one day we began talking about the accident and about Sneyd's behavior, and I ventured to say that I thought that if Mary had broken every bone in her skin she would still have had reason to congratulate herself on being thereby delivered from a marriage with the wretched creature that he had proved himself to be. The duchess did not differ from me, and somehow from that day a strange kind of hope and happiness seemed to take possession of me—a curious indefinite delight such as I had never felt before.

"At length a day came when I was allowed to see *her*. And when I went into the room"—at this point Fortescue's voice faltered a little—"when I saw her poor arm bound up, and half her sweet face covered with bandages, I knelt down by the side of the sofa, and, in short, I made a fool of myself. The duchess was present, but she was fairly beat, and— Well, very soon I was discussing ways and means with the duke.

"There never was any thing like that man's kindness. Besides making Mary a very handsome present indeed, which he declared he had always intended to do, he set himself to work to get me such an appointment as should make it possible for me to marry. Between him and the duchess (whose interest is not small) this has been effected, so I waited till I got my company—I am Captain Fortescue now, if you please—and then sold my commission, and with my own small means, and my place in the Shot and Shell Department, we manage to get on in a very inexplicable but delightful way."

"And the privations which were to make your wife so wretched?" I asked, as I shook him warmly by the hand.

"Looked much worse at a distance than they do close," said my friend. "I do think, sincerely," he continued, "that an imprudent marriage *ought* to be made every now and then, if it is only to bring out the immense amount of real kindness that there is in the world. I am perfectly sure that if two married people, however poor they may be, will only put a good face upon it, and neither sink down into gloomy despair on the one hand, nor shut themselves up in a haughty reserve on the other—I am perfectly sure, I say, that there is so much real goodness in the world that they need never know that they are poorer than other people, or suffer any of those humiliations, the dread of which has kept many true and loving hearts asunder. But come," said Fortescue, "I am getting poetical. Let us go inside, and see how Lord and Lady Sneyd are getting on. He'll take no notice of either of us, you'll see."

Fortescue left me for a time to go and see after his wife, and I went up into the strangers' room. There was a good large company assembled, waiting for the supper hour, English tourists, German students, and some French officers—among them, sure enough, sitting next to a very showy and over-dressed lady with jewelry all over her, with a very strong soupçon of paint upon her countenance, with a long curl brought over her left shoulder—there was Lord Sneyd.

A changed man already. Feeble and effeminate he was still, but he had ceased to be the insolent languid petit-maître and coxcomb he was when I had last seen him. He was lowered in tone. His whole faculties seemed to be entirely absorbed in attention on his better-half, off whom he never took his eyes.

"I hear," said Fortescue to me, as he took his place by my side at the supper-table, "that he is intensely jealous of her, and leads, in consequence, the most miserable life imaginable. Look how he is watching, now that that French officer is speaking to her. The man is only offering her some potatoes, but Sneyd looks as if he would like—if he had courage enough—to put his knife into him."

It was true. A more pitiable and contemptible sight I never witnessed than this man's jealousy. It extended itself to the French officers opposite, to the young English undergraduate who sat next to the lady, and even to the good-looking young monk who—a perfect man of the world, and a very agreeable fellow—took the head of the supper-table. I must say that Lady Sneyd's appearance was not calculated to quiet her lord and master's discomfort. A more liberal use of a pair of fine rolling black eyes I never saw made. Not long after supper this worthy pair retired, not the slightest attempt at recognition of either Fortescue or myself being made on the part of this distinguished nobleman. Perhaps he was of opinion that our fascinations would be dangerous with his amiable consort. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed of himself.

As soon as those two were gone, or at least after a reasonable interval, Fortescue addressed himself to the young monk who played the part of host, and remarked that he would go up stairs, and, if his wife were somewhat recovered from her fatigues, would persuade her to come down and get thoroughly warmed at the fire before retiring for the night.

Our host, with that interest in other people's affairs which foreigners either feel to so delightful an extent, or assume so admirably, expressed his earnest hope that "Madame would be able to descend," and Fortescue left the apartment.

I own that at this moment I felt somewhat nervous.

In a short time the door opened, and Fortescue appeared with his wife on his arm. She came up to me at once, and we shook hands cordially, while I spoke such words of congratulation as I had ready, which were, in truth, not very many. At one glance I saw that at all events the *expression* of her face was safe. A great matter that, at any rate.

The injury which she had sustained being from a kick, and not from a fall or dragging along on the ground, was confined entirely to one portion (the left side) of her face. That that injury had been a terrible one it was impossible not to see even now. The brow immediately over the eye was scarred, and the eyebrow something interrupted in its even sweep; the cheek was scarred and indented, and there was a slight scar on the nostril, all on this same left side; but the eye, sheltered in its somewhat sunken recess, had escaped; the mouth was unhurt, and, above all, there was the expression, the general look, of which the attractiveness had been so great. That fearful injury which I had looked down on from the turret-window at Creel had left much less damage behind than one could even have hoped.

We talked pleasantly, all three together—the rest of the company having retired, and our host too—for nearly an hour. We talked of our travels, of the places to which they were bound and from which I was returning, and of a hundred other things, until the hour admonished us that it was time to part for the night.

As we rose to say "Good-night"—my friend and his wife standing up together—I thought I had never seen a happier or a better-matched couple. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her. She touched her wounded cheek slightly with her hand.

"Would you have known me?" she asked, smiling.

"No one can tell," said Fortescue, interrupting my ready answer, "how I love that precious scar"—he leaned down and touched it with his lips. "But for that we might not be together now. But for that your life, Mary, might have been one of misery unutterable, and mine—if not sacrificed on the plains of India—might have been as utter a blank as that of any one of those unknown men who have entertained us here to-night."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

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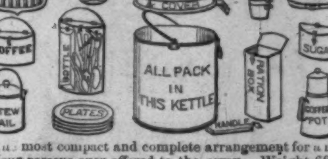

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